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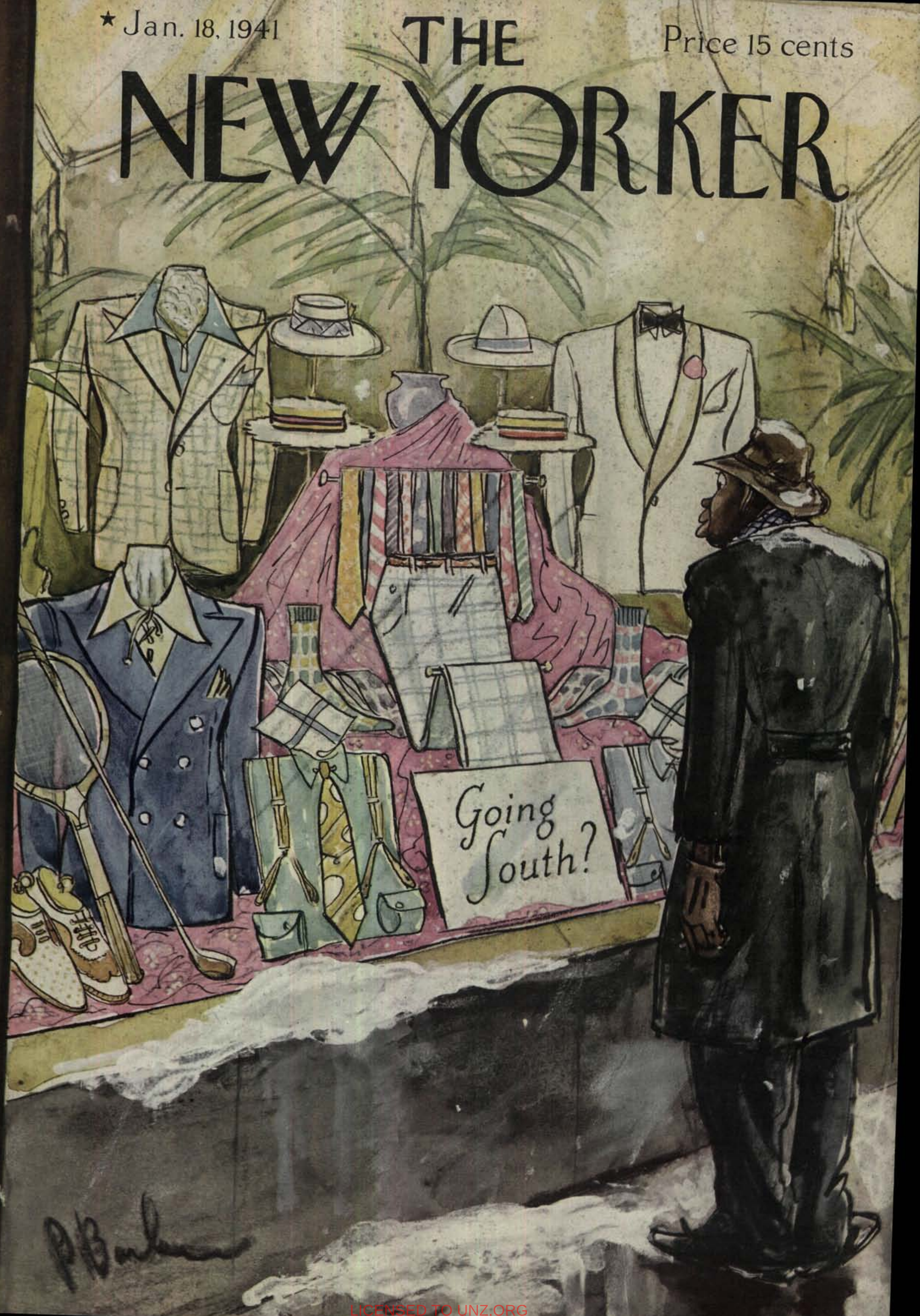
THE NEW YORKER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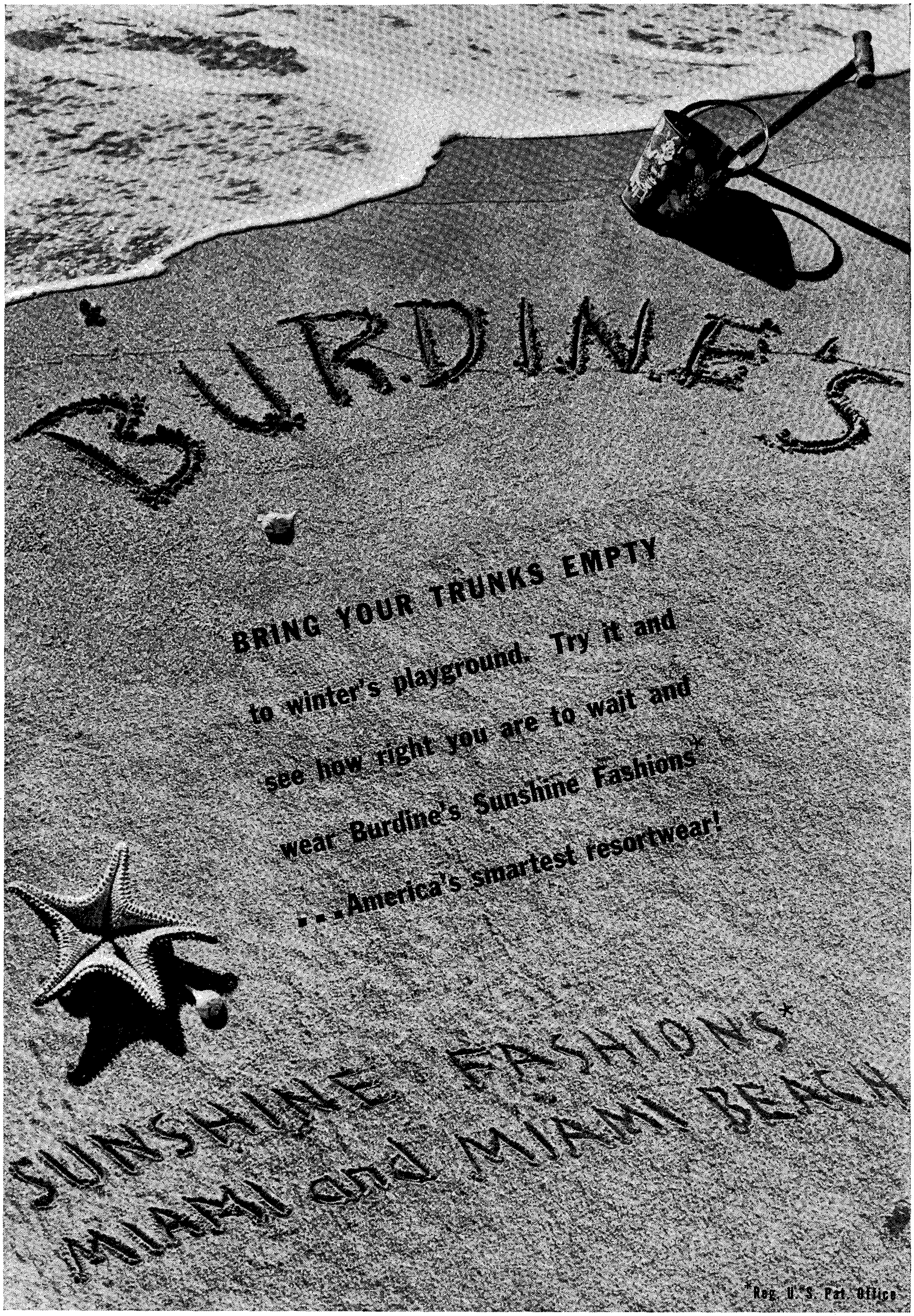

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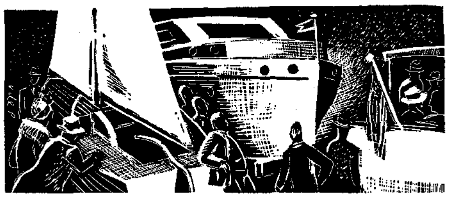
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 25.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in what is probably the best comedy you will see this year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—This relic has been made into something you're almost certain to enjoy. Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance are mainly responsible. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted, in which Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—A planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York conduct an anti-Nazi debate. Elmer Rice's play has its eloquent moments, although not much happens. Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe do most of the talking. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—A very diverting explanation by George Kaufman and Moss Hart of what people who move out to the country can expect. Ernest Truex and Jean Dixon head a superlative cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are very fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fence as skillfully as possible in John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies. Pleasant and civilized, though a bit thin in spots. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat.; and 3, Sun.)

Twelfth Night—If somebody really had to dig up this piece of work, Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans were probably the people to do it. Margaret Webster's direction is a great help, too. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Mr. and Mrs. North—A dramatization by Owen Davis of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lockridge's "The Norths Meet Murder," with a cast which includes Peggy Conklin, Millard Mitchell, and Owen Davis, Jr. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—Ed Wynn as Ed Wynn in a very engaging and handsome revue. Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, and the De Marcos take over briefly when the great man gets tired. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—An all-Negro musical fantasy which is fine, though occasionally a little elaborate. Ethel Waters heads the cast, and Todd Duncan, Dooley Wilson, Rex Ingram, and Katherine Dunham support her handsomely. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Mr. O. and Mr. J. just as active as they were back in 1938, when all this started. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson has come back to sing "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," "April Showers," and practically anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating, which starts off by being very exciting and then gets a trifle tiresome. Sonja Henie, who sponsors it, doesn't appear, but Joe Cook does. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—A lot of this Hollywood revue is familiar and some of it is dull, but the girls and the music are both attractive enough, and you will probably have a pretty good time. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some fine songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Leila Ernst are prominent in the dirty work. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's songs in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. With Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Crazy with the Heat—Willie Howard and Luella Gear in a revue by twenty or more people. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Lady in the Dark—A play by Moss Hart, produced by Sam H. Harris, with music by Kurt Weill and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Gertrude Lawrence heads the cast. Opens Thurs., Jan. 16. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

The Cream in the Well—A play by Lynn Riggs, with Martha Sleeper, Mary Morris, and Myron McCormick. Opens Mon., Jan. 20. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tanyard Street—A play by Louis D'Alton, with Barry Fitzgerald, Margo, and Aideen O'Connor. Produced by Jack Kirkland. Opens Tues., Jan. 21. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-9791. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

No for an Answer—Marc Blitzstein will give the third performance of his experimental opera on Sun. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:40. (Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55. CO 5-9089.)

Children's Entertainment—"The Seven Wishes," the Maeterlinck fantasy, adapted and produced by Clare Tree Major: Sun. Aft., Jan. 19, at 3. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.) . . . Greenwich House children's carnival: Sat. Aft., Jan. 25, at 2:30. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park at 68. PL 8-1451.) . . . Dorothy Gordon leading various groups of children in singing folk songs for the benefit of China: Fri. Afts., Jan. 17 and 24, at 3:45. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Original Ballet Russe—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a few post-season performances: "Cotillon," "Balustrade," and "Aurora's Wedding," Wed. Eve., Jan. 22. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Paganini," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23. . . . "Swan Lake," "Balustrade," and "Schéhérazade," Fri. Eve., Jan. 24. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Jan. 25. . . . "Swan Lake," "Paganini," and "Le Coq d'Or," Sat. Eve., Jan. 25. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mat. at 2:30.)

Martha Graham—Assisted by her company in a program which includes two new dances: Mon. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8:45. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up. Carol Bruce sings and Gerry Morton's orchestra plays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A new and excellent tropical one, all done up with mirrors and white palm trees. Adelaide Moffett sings and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a rumba band provide the music.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here. Zebra stripes! They have Chauncey Grey's orchestra, too, and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Fefe's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—As good as they come, of course, and Ted Straeter's orchestra is playing there. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—As always, a great favorite with the dine-and-dance crowd. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra is in the Tapestry Room until about 10 P.M. (until midnight, Thurs.), specializing in Viennese waltzes.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra, Chiquito's rumba band, and a show which includes Mary Raye and Naldi are in the Persian Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis, Hazel Franklin, and other ice-skaters are cutting up handsomely in the Iridium Room, with Hal

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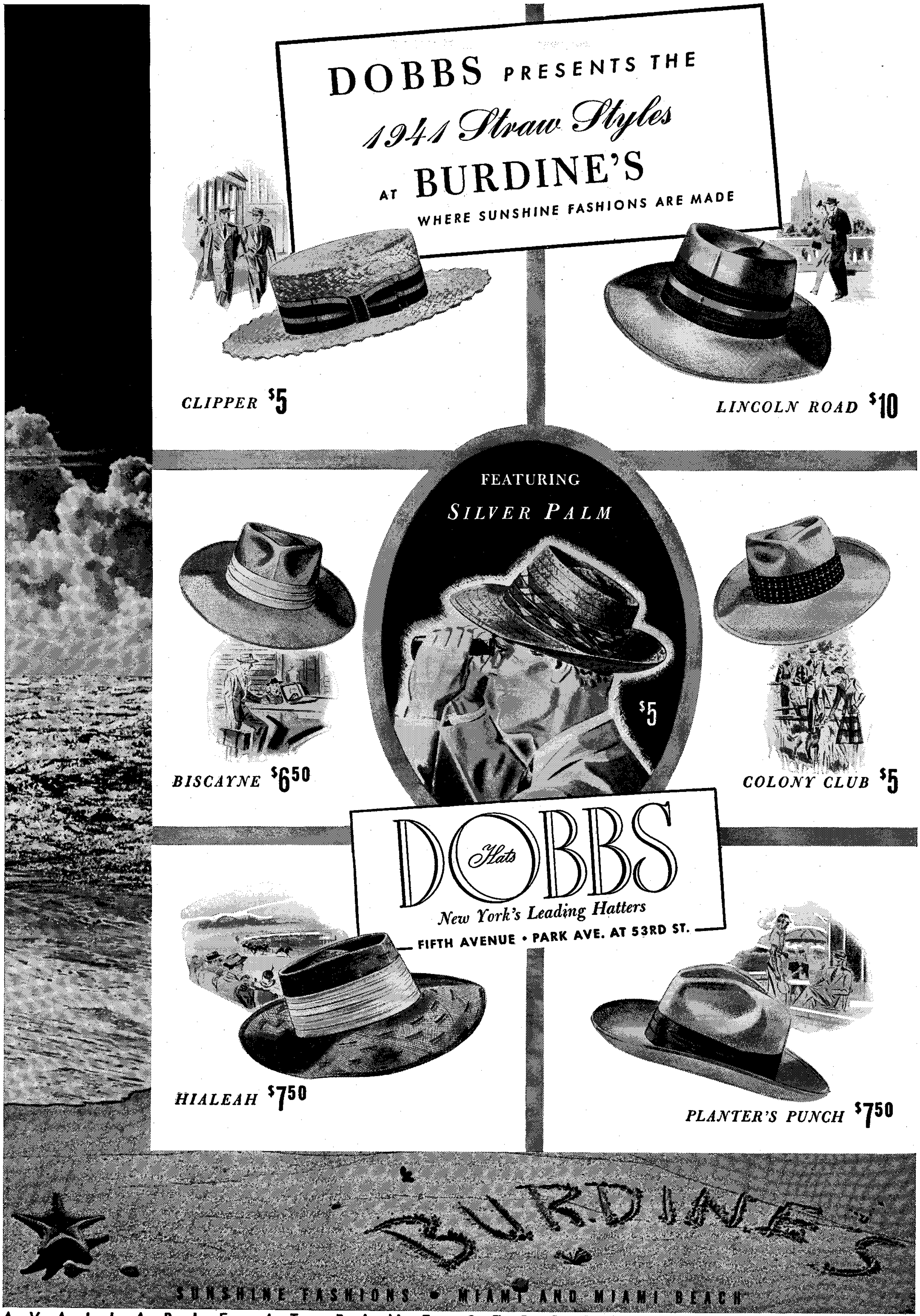

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 25.

Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is at home again in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Bill Robinson dances, Peggy Fears sings, and the music is by Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leighton Noble's orchestra has taken over in the informal Empire Room. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room, which is informal, too.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): this one manages to remain in a class by itself. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, and, of course, Spivy—all on top of an office building. . . . **ALGONQUIN,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): with Olga Baclanova presiding over things. . . . **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, those young pianists, and some others. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a view of Central Park, a pleasant-smelling log fire, and incidental music.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by Harold Nagel's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **MONTPARNASSE,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. The Tisdale Trio is there now. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Roy Fox's orchestra and, of course, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): one flight down, with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically part of Carnegie Hall. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra, to be replaced by Jimmy Dorsey's on Mon., Jan. 20. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., The Revuers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **GAY WHITE WAY,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's new place has Shep Fields' and Fausto Curbelo's orchestras and a show which includes Joan Edwards and Ann Pennington. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Billy Rose entertainment, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere, two orchestras, and a show. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical one, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and some other performers. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs place, with Havana-Madrid entertainment. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra plays for customers who'd rather listen than dance, and Adele Girard is on hand with her harp. The Spirits of Rhythm are there, too. Fill-in band Tues. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's new band. Closed Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins' orchestra (except Tues.), and the Clarence Profit Trio (except Wed.) are all on the bill. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Joe Sullivan's band will be replaced by Eddie De Lange's on Tues., Jan. 21. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): a downtown place with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

American Humor—Lively show of prints and drawings, ranging from broadsides in the time of the Revolution to works of the present day: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Americans—At the **DOUTHITT,** 9 E. 57: an admirable George Inness and an attractive Luks in a selection of nineteenth-century canvases, from the John F. Braun collection. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: paintings, all having to do with musical subjects, by a variety of nineteenth-century and contemporary artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1.

British and American—A large, rather rambling exhibition, for the benefit of English artists, which includes some interesting things by a number of lesser-known people: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Feb. 21.

El Greco—A big, important loan show, for the benefit of Greek war relief, of paintings from American collections: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Jan. 18 through Feb. 15.

Europeans—At the **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: ten superb oils by Matisse, Di Chirico, Braque, Léger, and other moderns, as well as Brancusi's "Bird in Flight." Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 25. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: paintings and sculptures, with music as their theme, from the sixteenth-century Bernardino Strozzi to such moderns as Juan Gris and Chagall. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 18 E. 57: forty oils and ten water colors and gouaches by Paul Klee. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1.

French—Landscapes by Renoir, Cézanne, and most of the other Impressionists and post-Impressionists: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1.

Genin—Scenes of Paris and the Riviera, brightly colored and dashingly handled: Carson, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1.

Hopper—Early paintings, from 1907 to 1914, surprisingly close to his later works in subject and general feeling: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1.

Jackson—Paintings of horses and men, done with a fine briskness: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 18.

Lee—A new group of her quirky, curiously ironic canvases: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Maclet—Memorial exhibition of paintings by an artist who, like van Gogh, went mad, and showed much the same tension in his works: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 8.

Mané-Katz—Ghetto scenes by a Parisian painter of strength and subtlety: Sterner, 9 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 18.

Marin—New oils and water colors—all swell, and some of the seapieces are real knockouts: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Loan exhibition of Islamic miniature paintings and drawings, from the collection of Mrs. George D. Pratt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Monet—The artist's garden, portrayed in his own paintings: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—The exhibit of contemporary art shown at the World's Fair French Pavilion has been moved over here, and is worth seeing again. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 2.

Sculptures—Varied, well-selected show of works by fifteen Americans, including Archipenko, Calder, De Creeft, and Flannagan: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 18.

Stella—His first comprehensive New York showing in some years, and, unfortunately, a rather disappointing one: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 25.

Vlaminck—An exhibition of both his early and later paintings: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 8.

Water Colors—At the **KLEEMANN,** 38 E. 57: scenes of Gloucester and Rockport, sympathetically done. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 25. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: pleasant pieces by Miron Sokole, William Palmer, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The big annual of contemporary American sculpture, water colors, and prints. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 19.

Women—Competent if rather conservative works by members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors in their annual exhibition: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

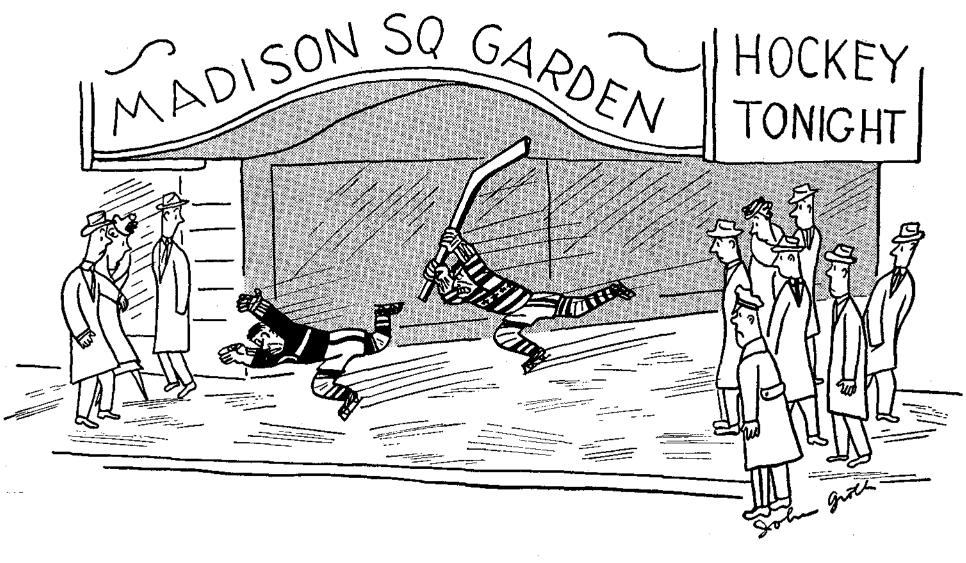
Here and There—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: works by Schnakenberg, Sloan, and Glackens, among others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 25. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: a hundred prints, selected by the Society of American Etchers. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 25. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: annual members' exhibition of paintings and sculpture. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . **UPTOWN,** 249 West End Ave., at 72: oils and water colors by Leon P. Smith. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 6. . . . **HARRIMAN,** 63 E. 57: oils and water colors by Edwin Booth Grossman. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1. . . . **ARDEN,** 460 Park, at 57: sculpture and paintings by students of Archipenko. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 25. . . . **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB,** 16 E. 10: annual membership show of water colors and black-and-whites. Thurs., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; other days 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1. . . . **VALENTINE,** 16 E. 57: works by Georges Braque. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 8.

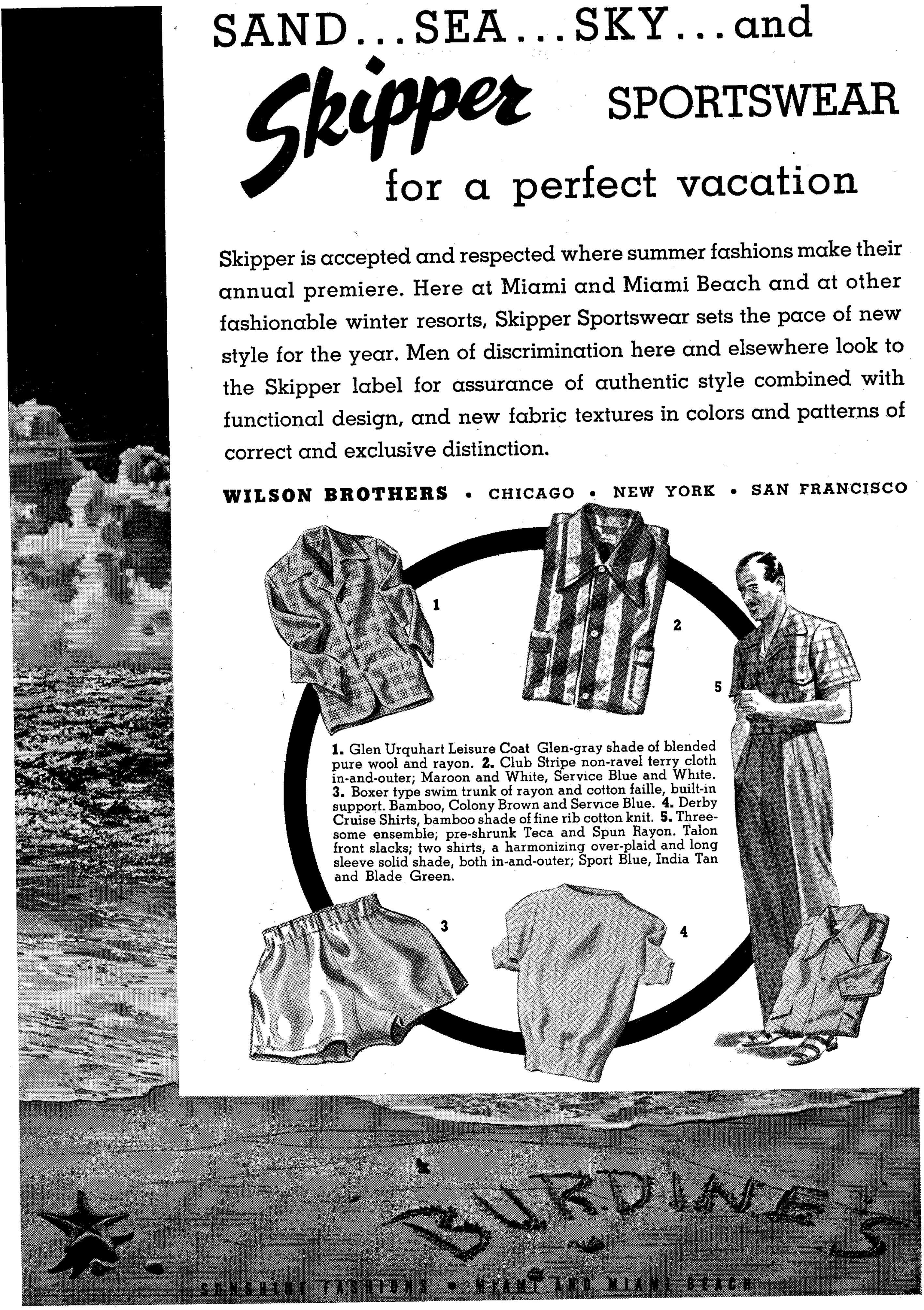
MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall: Walter conducting, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 16, at 8:45; Fri. Aft.,





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1. Glen Urquhart Leisure Coat Glen-gray shade of blended pure wool and rayon. **2.** Club Stripe non-ravel terry cloth in-and-outer; Maroon and White, Service Blue and White. **3.** Boxer type swim trunk of rayon and cotton faille, built-in support. Bamboo, Colony Brown and Service Blue. **4.** Derby Cruise Shirts, bamboo shade of fine rib cotton knit. **5.** Threesome ensemble; pre-shrunk Teca and Spun Rayon. Talon front slacks; two shirts, a harmonizing over-plaid and long sleeve solid shade, both in-and-outer; Sport Blue, India Tan and Blade Green.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jan. 17, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Jan. 19, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 24, at 2:30. (Soloists: Thorborg and Kullman, Jan. 23-24.) . . . McArthur conducting the annual Pension Fund concert, Wed. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:45. (Soloist: Flagstad.)

Museum Concerts—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Jan. 18 and 25, at 8. (RH 4-7690.)

New York City Symphony—Klemperer conducting the Music Project orchestra in the third concert of a series sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:45. (Soloist: Jacques Abram.)

Orchestrette Classique—Frederique Petrides conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8:30.

New School Chamber Orchestra—Scherman conducting: New School for Social Research, Wed. Eve., Jan. 22, at 9. (66 W. 12. AL 4-2567.)

Golden Hill Chorus—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:30.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 25, at 3. (Soloist: Aleksandr Helmann.)

Benefit for the Blind—Lauritz Melchior and the chorus of the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:30.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Shura Cherkassky, Mon. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8:30; Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, Gregor Piatigorsky, and others (a benefit for Palestine), Sat. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:30. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Eudice Shapiro and Irene Jacobi, Tues. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:30; Louis Bailly and Genia Robinor, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:30.

Town Hall—New Friends of Music (Primrose Quartet and Mack Harrell), Sun. Aft., Jan. 19, at 5:30; Kolisch Quartet, Mon. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8:30; Igor Gorin, Wed. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:30; Miriam Solovieff, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:30; Claudio Arrau, Sat. Aft., Jan. 25, at 3.

Elsewhere—Brooklyn Academy of Music: Kirsten Flagstad, Tues. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Aïda," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 16; "Die Walküre," Fri. Eve., Jan. 17; "Otello," Sat. Aft., Jan. 18; "Faust," Sat. Eve., Jan. 18; "Siegfried," Mon. Eve., Jan. 20; "Tannhäuser," Wed. Eve., Jan. 22; "Der Rosenkavalier," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23; "Alceste," Fri. Eve., Jan. 24; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Aft., Jan. 25; "La Fille du Régiment," Sat. Eve., Jan. 25. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Fritzie Zivic vs. Henry Armstrong, for the welterweight title, Fri. Eve., Jan. 17; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., Jan. 16; Americans vs. Toronto, Sun., Jan. 19. . . . Amateur-series game: Sun., Jan. 19, at 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Ice Carnival—Sonja Henie and her revue: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Sat., Jan. 20-25, and Mon. and Tues., Jan. 27-28; at 8:30 P.M.

Motor Boat Show—Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46; daily, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 18.

Benefit—The Polka Ball, presented by the Kosciuszko Foundation, to aid Polish refugees: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, at 10.

Theatrical Posters—Bloodcurdlers from the late eighteen-hundreds, including even "East Lynn": Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 20.

Grolier Club—An exhibition of books and manuscripts dealing with sports from the fourteenth century to the present day: 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—First editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts, owned by Harold Fisher, Mrs. Philip Dean, and others: Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Jan. 16, at 2 and 8:15. . . . Paintings, from the fifteenth century to the present, belonging to the estates of the late Nathaniel Hamlen, Charles S. Haight, James Parmelee, and others: Fri. Eve., Jan. 17, at 8:15. . . . English and American furniture, and decorations, paintings, and silver, from the collection of the late Mrs. George P. Blow: Sat. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2. . . . Autograph letters, manuscripts, and books, from the late John Gribbel's collection: Wed. through Fri. Eves., Jan. 22-24, at 8:15, and Thurs. Aft., Jan. 23, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—A seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry, a bronze group by Rodin, etchings by Whistler and Zorn, English lustreware, and other art objects, owned by Walter Reisinger: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Jan. 16-17, at 2.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS' FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 25.

ON THE AIR

Presidential Inauguration—Two-hour ceremonies as Mr. Roosevelt begins his third term: Mon. Morn., Jan. 20, at 11:30, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WOR.

Boxing—Fritzie Zivic vs. Henry Armstrong, for the welterweight title: Fri. Eve., Jan. 17, at 10, WJZ.

Metropolitan Opera—"Otello," with Martinelli and Tibbett: Sat. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2, WJZ.

Symphonic Music—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, James conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Wallenstein conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Joseph Szigeti, Sun. Eves. at 7, WOR. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

Dance Bands—If you don't mind putting up with them as they struggle along without ASCAP tunes—Tommy Dorsey, Thurs. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC.

This and That—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

Television—Hockey: Americans vs. Toronto, Sun. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:40, W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

Angels Over Broadway—Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a busy, tough sketch of New York underworld capers. Written, directed, and produced by Ben Hecht. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Jan. 20. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Fri., Jan. 21-24.)

The Baker's Wife—A Rabelaisian and droll French film of peasant life. With Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Escape—An adaptation of Ethel Vance's novel of Nazi Germany, retaining much of the suspense of the book. With Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Jan. 18.)

Fantasia—Don't be scared off by what you hear of it. There are lovely moments for all, and even the simplest Mickey Mouse-ite has his chance. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

Foreign Correspondent—Alfred Hitchcock's thriller of the European war, with transatlantic planes, blackouts, spies, etc. Joel McCrea and a great deal of excitement. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 18-20.)

The Grapes of Wrath—This masterly screening of the Steinbeck book has received the New York Film Critics' award as the finest picture of 1940. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Jan. 17.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin and the dictators—the film everybody talks and talks about. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

Kitty Foyle—Homely drama of the poor but beautiful working girl, braced and embellished by the presence of Ginger Rogers. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

The Letter—A distinguished rendering of this classic Somerset Maugham drama of a Singapore scandal. Bette Davis in one of her very best rôles, notably assisted by Herbert Marshall and James Stephenson. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., Jan. 16. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Jan. 17. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Jan. 20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Tues., Jan. 21.)

The Long Voyage Home—Eugene O'Neill's early one-act plays of the sea and ships, in a fine, pictorially magnificent film. Directed by John Ford. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Jan. 17. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 20-22.)

Night Train—The big thriller of the season. A superb affair, made by the British, about spies and so on. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

The Philadelphia Story—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in a grand success—the film version of Philip Barry's play about the very rich and their very terrible troubles and their special wit. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Thief of Bagdad—Lots of pretty views, Technicolored, of "Arabian Nights" landscapes, architecture, flying carpets, and a djinni. With Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Fri., Jan. 17. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 18-20.)

World in Flames—A seventy-minute résumé of the great events of the last ten years, taken from the newsreels and edited with intelligence and force. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 21-22.)

REVIVALS

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 21-23.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Jan. 18.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 22-23.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 21-22.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the Revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Jan. 16. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 22-24.)

It's a Wonderful World (1939)—With Claudette Colbert, as a funny poet, and James Stewart. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Jan. 18.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Jan. 18. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 18-20.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Jan. 16.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as a young couple with money troubles. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 19-20.)

Our Town (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Martha Scott and William Holden. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., Jan. 18-22.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

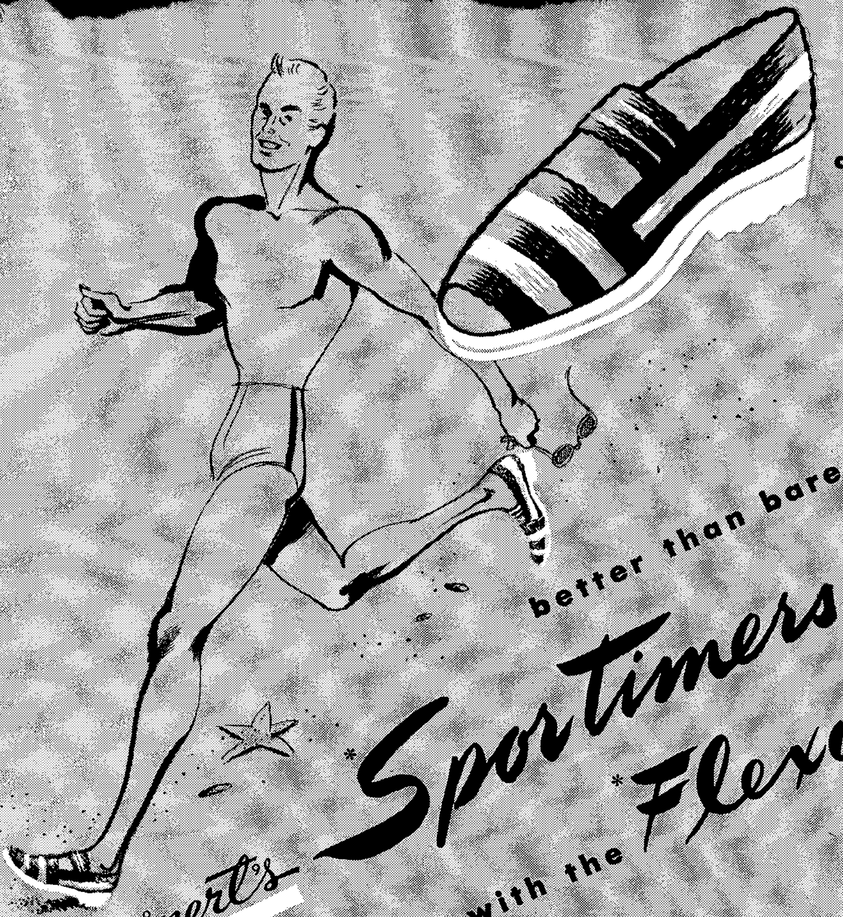
Secret Agent (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 20-21.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—Claudette Colbert is the secretary. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 17-19.)

Too Hot to Handle (1938)—Antics of news photographers. Myrna Loy and Clark Gable. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 19-20.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Jan. 19.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., JAN. 16**: four 1917 Chaplin films. **FRI., JAN. 17**: "The Thin Man," with Myrna Loy and William Powell. **SAT., JAN. 18**: "What! No Beer?," with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. **SUN., JAN. 19**: "Bombshell," with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. **MON., JAN. 20**: "Million Dollar Legs," with Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin. **TUES., JAN. 21**: "Trouble in Paradise," with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. **WED., JAN. 22**: "Hands Up," with Raymond Griffith and Marian Nixon, and "Two Tars," with Laurel and Hardy. **THURS., JAN. 23**: "High and Dizzy," with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," with Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **FRI., JAN. 24**: "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. **SAT., JAN. 25**: four 1915 Chaplin films.



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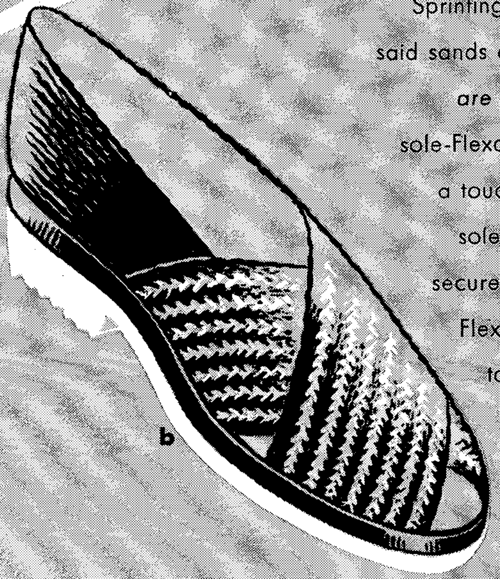

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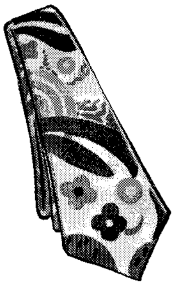

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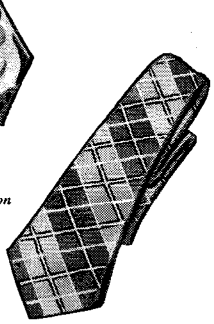

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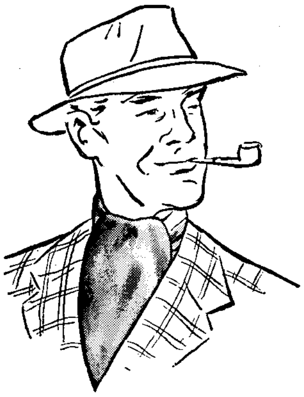

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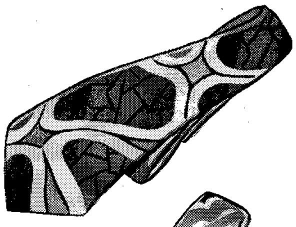
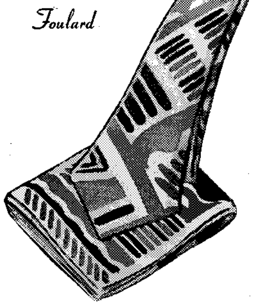


Foulard



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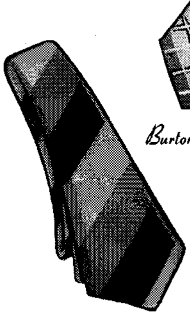

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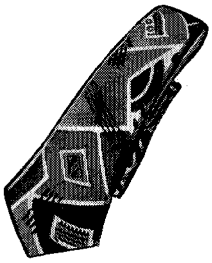

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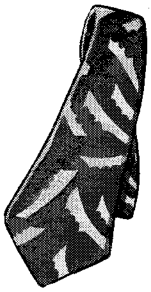

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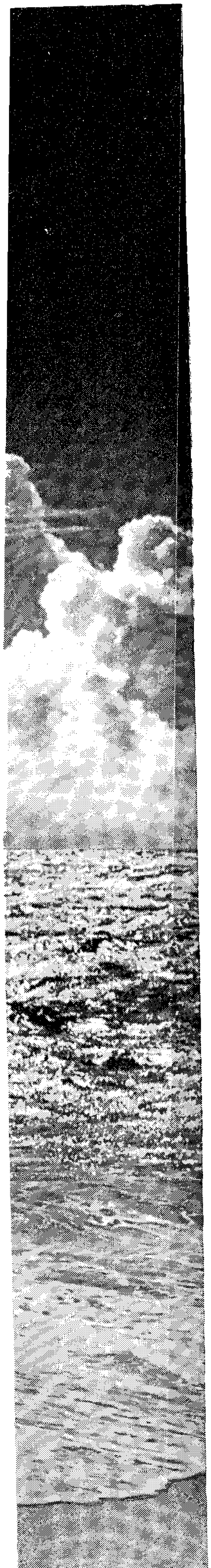

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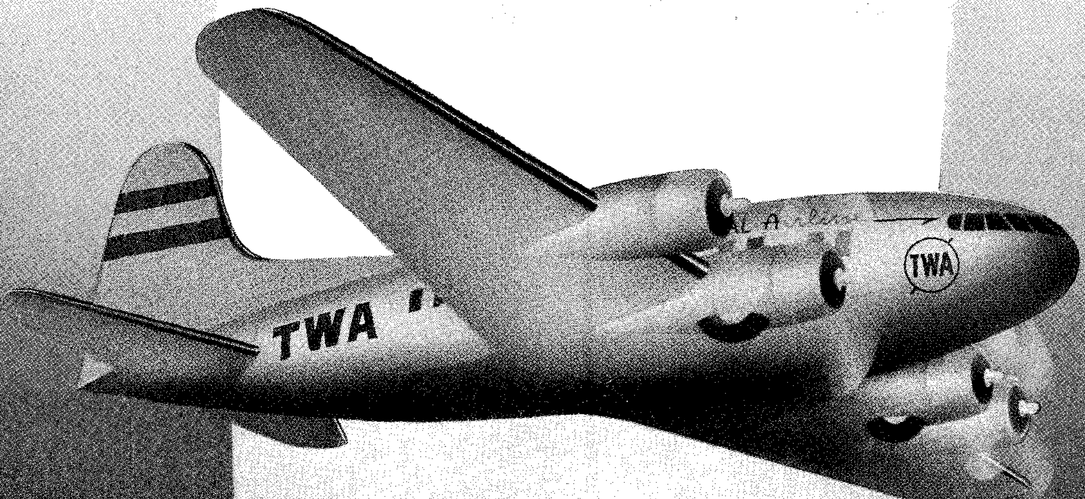

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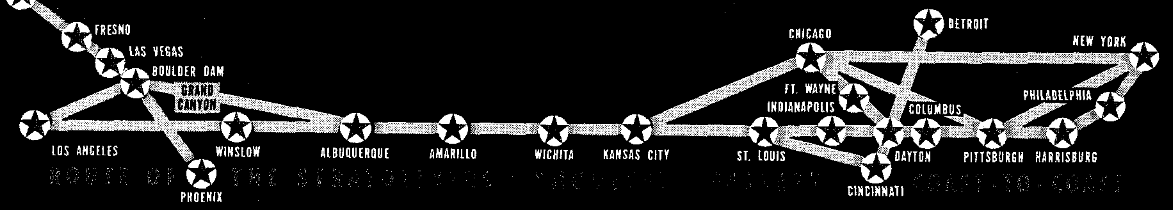
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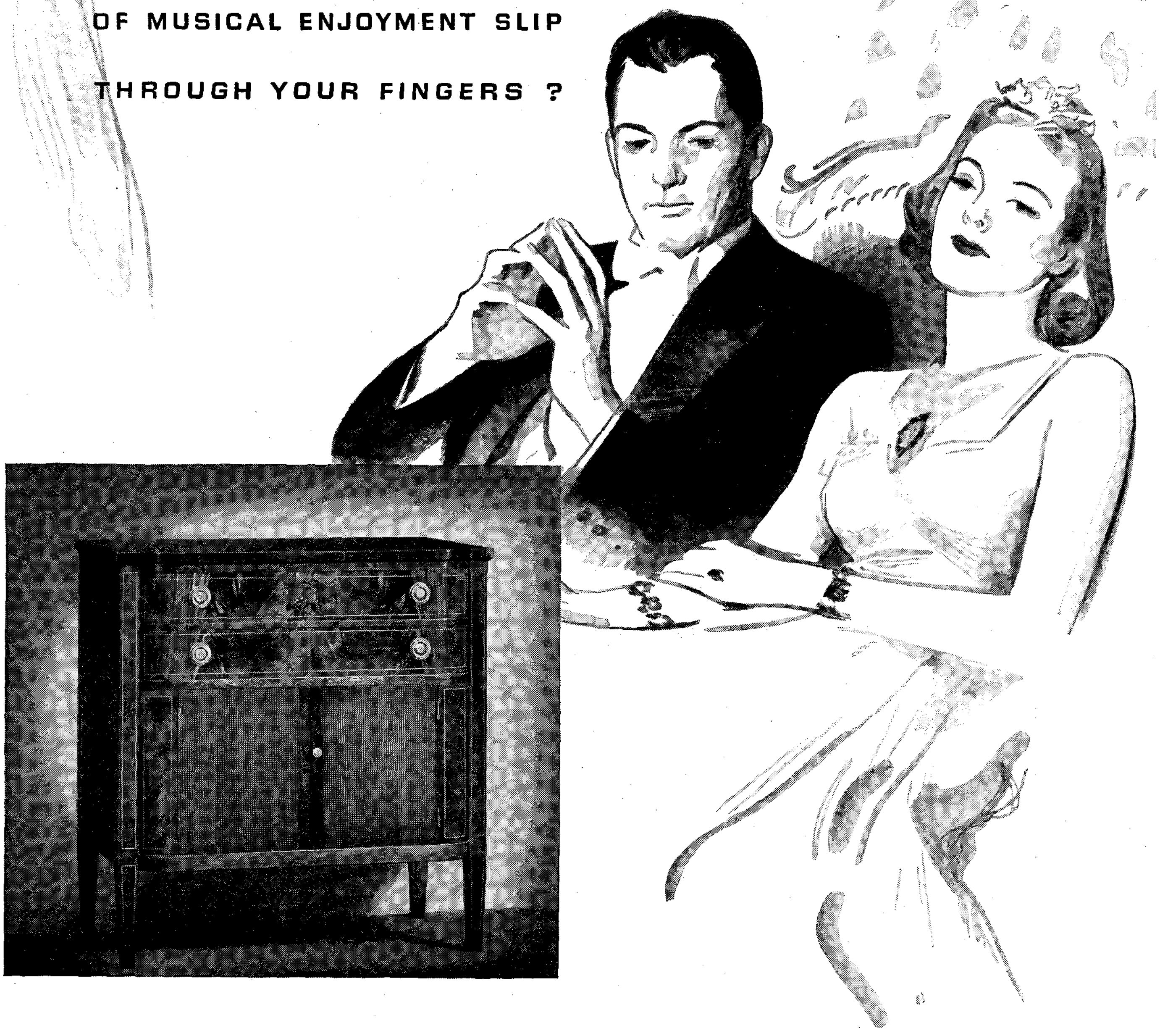

1940 is now measured in memories. During its span, you may have thought many times of the pleasure that a really fine phonograph-radio might bring to you and to your family.

And now, *another* year enters your lives. If you love music, we believe that you can make no better investment of Christmas savings or gifts than in the proud possession of a Capehart-Panamuse, excepting the *De Luxe* Capehart itself.

For this instrument is not just another phonograph-radio. It stems from a distinguished family . . . designed by the same engineers who developed the *De Luxe* Capehart . . . recognized as the world's finest instrument for musical reproduction.

Hear the Capehart-Panamuse and you will know that it faithfully follows the great Capehart tone-tradition. Watch its automatic "Play Control" Record Changer in action and you will appreciate its performance even more. For you can predetermine the number of selections you desire to play . . . from one to fourteen records . . . and the instrument automatically does the rest of the work for you. It provides nearly an hour's continuous entertainment of your favorite music. The superb radio unit will also please you. Equipped for Frequency Modulation reception, if you choose.

Illustrated above is the Capehart-Panamuse Sheraton period design, at $219.50. Other models range from $149.50 to $299.50.* They may be purchased with a modest down payment and convenient monthly terms. See your Capehart dealer this week. Or write now for an informative booklet. The Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

CAPEHART
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**Prices slightly higher on the West Coast*

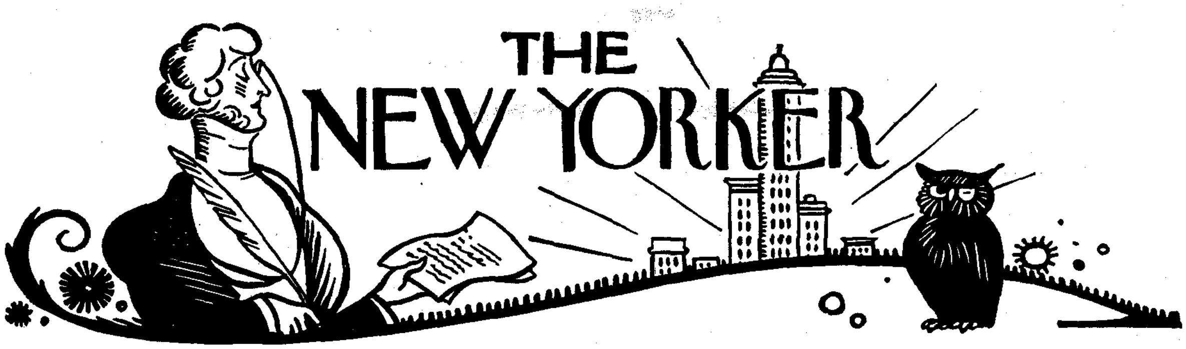
Brilliant Ballerino Designs

for mothers and their big and little daughters. Gay, sunny fashion from California, exclusive with us and perfectly enchanting in bright candy colors. Sheer linen and rayon in pink, violet, blue, yellow, red; sizes 12 to 18, 14.95. In pink, blue, yellow; sizes 7 to 12, 12.95; sizes 3 to 6. 10.95.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

(photograph by Cannon and Maiden)

FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET, N. Y. MU. 9-7000 ALSO AT OUR EAST ORANGE AND WHITE PLAINS SHOPS



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MAJOR who served in the A.E.F. in the last war once told us that he never fully realized what it was he was mixed up in until his orderly, standing beside him in a trench, received a German machine-gun bullet in the forehead; when that happened, the major knew he was in a war. Such intimate and specific revelations of what is really going on are even rarer in this war than in the last, hardly any of us having been actually on the scene so far, and few of us being even casually acquainted with anybody who is. An exception to this generality is a certain Dr. H. G. Bull, who practices medicine in Ithaca, New York, and who has sent us an account of his correspondence with Dulau & Co., Ltd., one of the oldest book-and-print shops in London.

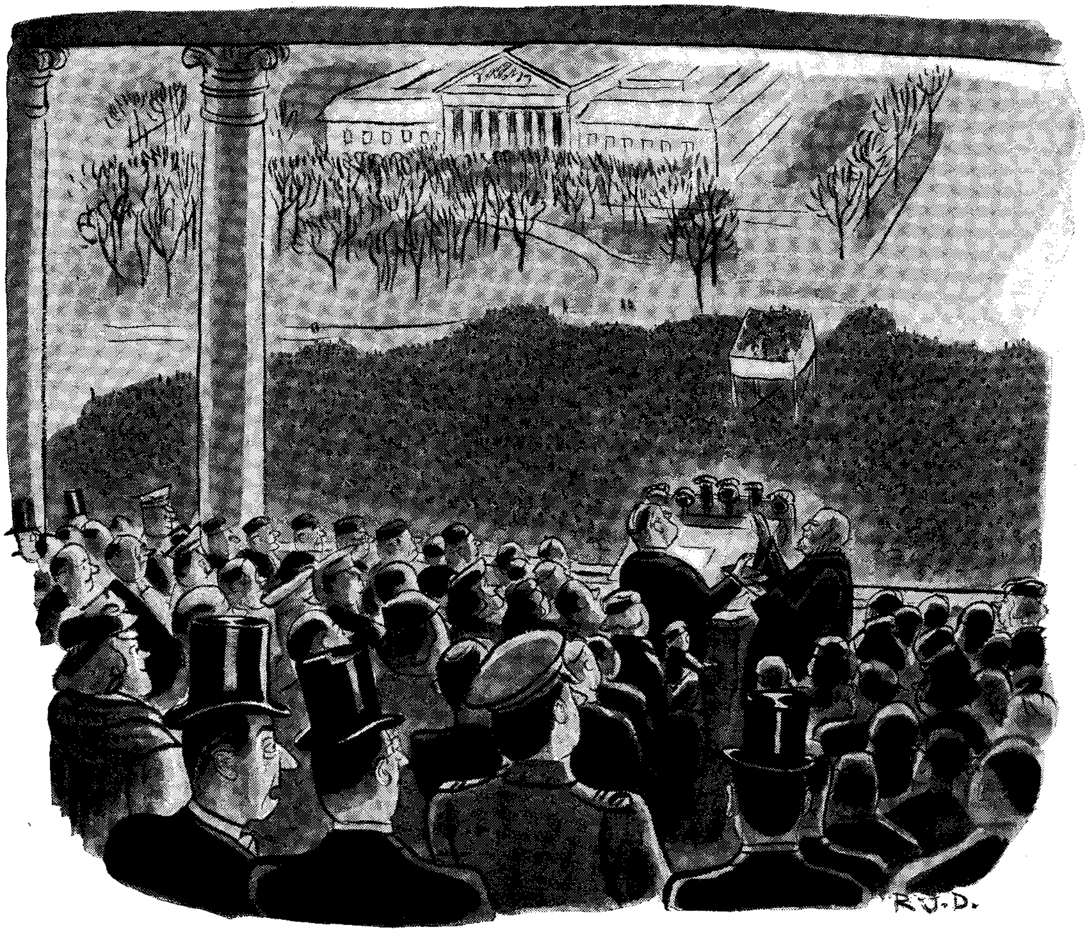
Dr. Bull's dealings with Dulau & Co., Ltd., began during a vacation trip to England some fifteen years ago, when he dropped into the shop in Dover Street, made a few purchases, met the manager, Mr. Leslie Chaundy, and arranged with Mr. Chaundy to have the shop's catalogues sent to him in Ithaca. Since then, Dr. Bull has ordered from his house in Ithaca, sometimes by cable and sometimes by letter, such items as "The Psalms: frae Hebrew intil Scottis" and "a rare volume of the *Ars Parva* of our medical ancestor, Galen," the former at six shillings, the latter at seven guineas. He always received a note of acknowledgment and thanks from Mr. Chaundy, set down in small, beautiful handwriting that was like engraving. Occasionally, Dr. Bull thought the catalogue price of some particular item a trifle high and he would offer by mail to buy it for a lesser sum if it had not been disposed of. In reply to such offers there would usually come a letter from Mr. Chaundy courteously calling attention to the admirable qualities of the item in question and setting a price somewhere between what Dr. Bull had offered and what the catalogue had demanded. Dr. Bull and Mr. Chaundy always reached an agreement sooner or later and there grew up between the two men, and between the shop in Dover Street and the house in Ithaca, an understanding based on mutual restraint and a sort of tacit appreciation of gentility. Late last summer, for example, Dr. Bull ordered by letter a copy of Culpeper's "Herbal" and "a very fine edition of the last letter of Mary, Queen of Scots," and when he sent this order he ventured to remark that Dulau & Co., Ltd., might find it difficult to deliver these items across the Atlantic at such a time. Mr. Chaundy replied that Dulau & Co., Ltd., "have thus far happily been fortunate in not having incurred the loss of a single item of merchandise or correspondence since the declaration of war" and assured Dr. Bull that his order would be carried out as usual. It was.

Then, around the end of September, Dr. Bull received a catalogue from Dulau & Co., Ltd., listing "drawings and pictures, many from well-known collections, with a few pieces of old furniture." With the catalogue was a note from Mr. Chaundy mentioning "the extremely advantageous prices of these items." After hesitating over his choice, Dr. Bull finally cabled Dulau & Co., Ltd., ordering a small painting for eighteen guineas. He did not hear from Dulau & Co., Ltd., until the first week in December, when he received a letter not from Mr. Chaundy but from Mrs. Chaundy. The letter from Mrs. Chaundy was as follows:

> 9 BAYLEY ST.,
> BEDFORD SQUARE,
> W.C. 1.
>
> Dr. H. G. Bull,
> DEAR SIR:
>
> Thank you for your cable ordering a portrait from our catalogue.
>
> The enclosed notice will tell you of what has befallen my husband and our business premises, and I regret that books and pictures have gone too.
>
> Should Dulau's be able to rise again from its ashes I hope we may be allowed to send you catalogues as before.
>
> Yours faithfully
> AGATHA M. CHAUNDY

The printed notice was headed "Dulau & Co., Ltd.," with a notation mentioning that the temporary address of the firm was 9 Bayley St., Bedford Square, and it said:

> We beg to acknowledge receipt of your communication. Indulgence is asked for the unavoidable delay consequent on the destruction of our Dover Street premises by a bomb on the morning of October 12th. It is with profound regret that we inform our friends of the death of Mr. Leslie Chaundy, who was killed instantly. Two members of the staff, who were the



"His whole family always gets together for his Inaugurations."

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only others present at the time, were rescued, with injuries from which they are expected to recover.

Souvenirs

A FEW weeks ago we reported that the old gold-damask Metropolitan Opera curtain had been presented to the Opera Guild, which planned to cut it up and auction it off piecemeal. We have checked up on the progress of this sentimental enterprise and find that the Guild, modifying its original plan somewhat, is selling curtain cuttings at the flat rate of a dollar apiece. These come in two sizes—two by three inches, and seven inches by ten. The smaller strips, which are supposed to be used as bookmarks, are stapled to a piece of red paper stating that the Metropolitan Opera Guild has prepared this souvenir of the Metropolitan Opera House curtain "to commemorate the golden days of opera," and that the curtain was in use from November 20, 1905, through the close of the 1939-40 season. The larger strips, which you are just supposed to look at tenderly, aren't stapled to anything. As we go to press, nine hundred pieces of both sizes have been snipped off and snapped up by the public—including twenty of the larger swatches, which went to Willard V. King, an opera lover and retired banker, and one bookmark purchased by William S. S. Rodgers, president of the Texas Corporation, which is now sponsoring the Opera on the air. Mr. King sent nineteen of his swatches to friends; Mr. Rodgers stuck his in a book he is reading. Since five hundred of the pieces sold are of the officially labelled bookmark variety, it would seem that opera lovers, or at least opera-curtain lovers, value functionalism more highly than mere size, which is probably a reassuring thing.

We obtained most of our information about the curtain from Mrs. John DeWitt Peltz, the Guild's publicity lady, who told us that her organization's phrase about the golden days of opera wasn't intended as a crack at the present, or non-Golden-Horseshoe, days. She also informed us, with considerable candor, that the first twenty-two two-by-three-inch cuttings sold were stapled to red paper erroneously giving 1903 as the year the curtain was first used. This got to the attention of a Mrs. Gustave Schulz, who pointed out that the right date was 1905, and that she knew because she had attended the opening performance. The Guild people found that Mrs. Schulz was right, and also learned that there was only one previous curtain at the Met. That was crimson and lasted from 1883 to 1905. The Guild manfully wrote the purchasers that the twenty-two bookmarks were incorrectly labelled and offered to remount them on correct labels, but so far only ten of the twenty-two have been returned.

The curtain is being cut up into small pieces as orders come in at the home of Mrs. William Francis Gibbs, Guild chairman, a daughter of the late Paul D. Cravath. The Guild had the curtain dry-cleaned and then had the cleaner cut it into six pieces. A sixth of the curtain makes a brimming taxicab load. Mrs. Gibbs has had a number of snipping parties, at which the guests, supplied with scissors, tape measures, and cocktails, have included Mrs. Charles Fleck, Mrs. Richard Leach, Mrs. Chauncey Waddell, and Miss Anne Simpson. Between sessions, Mrs. Gibbs' secretary also does a good deal of cutting.

The Guild received one special order it wasn't able to fill. A lady in Tuscaloosa wrote that she'd heard that Lily Pons had always cut a piece out of the curtain in every opera house in which she was appearing for the first time, and that she'd like a piece cut *around* the hole Miss Pons left in the Met's curtain. The ladies couldn't find any hole. The Guild's favorite customer is Erskine Sanford, of Los Angeles, who was one of the Met's curtain boys in 1904 and as such held back the curtain while many stars took their bows. He sent in a dollar and wrote, "I love that curtain as far as it is possible to love an inanimate object." If the entire curtain is sold, the proceeds will amount to around $10,000. Whatever the proceeds, they will go into a fund to buy opera tickets for music students.

Reproof

WHILE cruising through Harlem the other night, two cops in a police car overtook a Bantam coupé whose weaving movements clearly revealed that the driver was unfit to handle a car even of that size. The Bantam was ordered to halt, and when it did the man in it was told he would have to ride in the police car to a station house with one of the cops, while the other followed in the Bantam. The police car sped away and the Bantam started off at a slower rate. After driving for a few blocks in this unfamiliar vehicle, the cop behind the wheel, unable to see very much through the miniature windshield, turned a corner and headed down a one-way street the wrong way. Nothing unusual would have happened, probably—there wasn't much traffic—if the officer hadn't stopped the Bantam in the midst of a bunch of large, tough-looking boys halfway down the block. They surrounded the car silently, calmly picked it up, turned it around in mid-air, set it down gently, and pushed it off in the right direction, patting the fenders in a kindly, compassionate way.

The Well-Dressed Officer

BOTH Abercrombie & Fitch and Brooks Brothers have pitched into the problem of national defence with a right good will, and are turning out hundreds of smartly tailored officers. Their custom trade is spread among the Army, the Navy, and the various State Guards, which are carrying on at home during the National Guard's training period. Naval officers' uniforms haven't changed to speak of since 1919, when, by a vote taken among officers ten years or more in the service, the old-fashioned choker collars were given up and the present style, copied from the British Navy, was adopted. Army officers have changed their styles much more recently. The principal changes include trousers instead of breeches, side pleats in the coats, and collars with lapels instead of the old, high-buttoned affairs. The State Guard outfits are pretty much catch-as-catch-can, the final authority in most cases being merely the adjutants general of the states.

One of Brooks' old customers, a retired cavalry general, became worried about the possibility of Brooks' military-tailoring department getting jammed up with orders, and has already asked them to make a lieutenant's uniform for his grandson, who is still in military school. Reserve officers come in now and then and sheepishly order uniforms somewhat larger than their last ones. Mr. Simpson, Brooks' uniform man, told us about a young blade who recently got his commission in the Navy—"He volunteered and got his commission. I don't know how they do those things," said Mr. Simpson—and tried to order close to a thousand dollars' worth of naval uniforms, including all the whites and two kinds of evening dress, officially described as Evening Full Dress and Evening Dress, Blue. Mr. Simpson wouldn't accept the order. "You find out how many of these uniforms you're going to need, young man," he said sternly. Finally they compromised on the regulation daytime wear and Evening Dress, Blue. The customer was rather sulky about it, pointing out that, war or no war, he wasn't going to be a hermit. "Suppose I take out an admiral's wife?" he cried. Mr. Simpson advised him to cross that bridge when he came to it.

Mr. Wilbur, Abercrombie & Fitch's uniform man, told us something we hadn't known before; namely, that in the Army, at least, officers' uniforms are not absolutely standardized. There is some give-and-take. One junior Army officer came in for a "reefer," a short overcoat, and specified that it must have a half-belted back. Mr. Wilbur consulted the regulations book and showed him a definite rule calling for full belts. The young officer sighed. "My colonel says all *his* officers will wear half-belts," he said. "Go argue with the colonel." Mr. Wilbur is still worried. "What if he gets transferred?" he asked us.

POLICE
DEAD END
RD

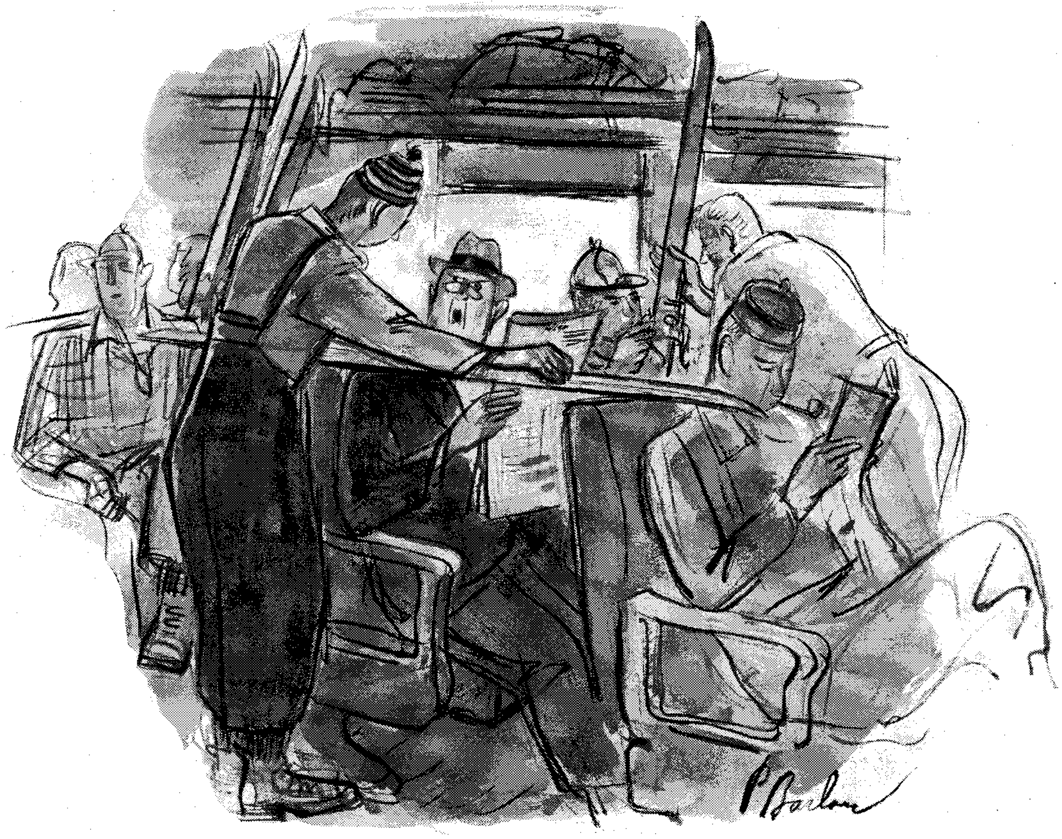
Special Feature

THERE was even more than the usual amount of hysterical activity going on in the Special Features Department at WOR the other day. The British had just captured Bardia. London was calling. Somebody was arranging a transatlantic broadcast featuring Ethel Barrymore. Somebody rushed in looking for somebody else to make a radio address on the world crisis, for college students. In the midst of all this and plenty more, too, a phone rang in the room and one of the harried people there picked up the receiver. "Herman Schmertz will be five years of age next Saturday," a voice said. "He will be getting a trap drum, which he will find in the bedroom, behind the wardrobe. Please tell Uncle Don."

Morris on Ice

NEWBOLD MORRIS, the burly, handsome president of the City Council, is a timely topic right now, because of his figure-skating. Matter of fact, he's been on our sports editor's bring-up list since last February 8th, when, at a Finnish-relief benefit held at the Rockefeller Center rink, he danced a fox trot on ice with a young lady named Jane Nicholson Bratt. He's done very little public skating this season, mainly because Mayor LaGuardia is so often out of town on patriotic missions and he, Morris, then becomes Acting Mayor. He was Acting Mayor when we called on him, but he dropped all his municipal worries to tell us about his latest triumph on ice: a couple of weeks ago he passed his sixth test before the judges of the United States Figure Skating Association. There are but eight tests, so you can see. Only slightly handicapped by the fact that he had no skates and was not on ice, Mr. Morris skated about his office, demonstrating the figures he had had to do for his sixth test—outside-forward and inside-back brackets, three-change-threes on both feet, goodness knows what else. Then, glowing from the exercise, he sat down and told us how he happened to become City Hall's star athlete.

It all started, grimly enough, with a chronic sinus condition which Mr. Morris found could be quelled only by outdoor exercise. He used to get up at seven in the morning and run around the Central Park Reservoir. This soothed his sinuses but left him otherwise unhappy. Well, one morning he went to a wedding, and afterward dropped in at the Skating Club to pick up a friend. While he was waiting for him to get dressed, he chatted with Willi Boeckl, the professional, who asked why Mor-



"I don't use any kind of wax! I'm going to Burlington on business!"

• •

ris never came to skate. Morris said he had tried to skate when he was a child, but his ankles were too weak. Boeckl pooh-poohed this excuse; said all Morris needed was a properly fitted pair of skates. Full of champagne bravado, Morris bought an expensive pair of skates on his way home, and next morning—though the idea didn't seem so good then—he went to the Skating Club. His first lesson ended abruptly when he fell down and laid open his forehead. He had four stitches taken in it, but showed up for the next day's lesson. He figured that anything was better than shagging around the Reservoir, and besides, being a Republican toughens a man's fibre. By the time the rink closed for the season, he was able to do acceptable figure eights and hardly ever fell down. The next year he placed second in the Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Competition and the year after that, 1935, he was first. That year he also won the Middle Atlantic dancing-on-ice competition. In 1936, he went out to the National Figure Skating Competition in Chicago and won sixth place in the field of twelve entered in the Junior Class. Since then he has been too busy to enter formal competitions, but he still skates an hour every morning, and four hours on Sunday. "I *live* for Sunday," he told us.

Mayor LaGuardia used to be facetious about Morris's skating—used to poke him in the ribs, say "Still skating, Mr. Henie?" and then go off into a gust of Latin merriment. He was present when Morris performed at the Finnish benefit, however, and the very next day asked Morris if he would give the LaGuardia kids skating lessons. It was too late to start them last season, but Morris says he's going to get around to it any day now.

The Framer

THIS is a report on one of those impossible involvements which occur every day in New York, or at least every other day. Mr. William Rosenzweig, a lawyer at 154 Nassau Street, answered his phone when it rang the other afternoon, his secretary being absent on an errand, and a lady's voice got right at the matter nearest her heart. "How much do you charge for framing?" she asked. Mr. Rosenzweig, a man proud of his practically judicial calmness and dignity, went to pieces for a moment and muttered something about his being a respectable lawyer. As he recalls it, he announced that he'd never framed anybody in his life. It took several minutes to thresh the matter out. The lady thought she had dialled the New York Frame & Picture Co. Mr. R. told his secretary about the happening when she got back and she said it was an old story to her, the frame company's number being Beekman 3-3205. Mr. R.'s is Beekman 3-2305.

Police Lineup

OCCASIONALLY a resident of the Sixteenth Assembly District can be seen staring, with well-bred surprise, at the pavement of Park Avenue between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets, outside the Seventh Regiment Armory. In this block thirty-one lines are painted halfway across the northbound traffic lane, one yellow and thirty white ones. The explanation is that the Department of Purchase and the Police Department are testing thirty-one different paint formulas, in an effort to find the ideal paint for use on crosswalks and other traffic markings on pavement. Park Avenue was chosen for the test because it has a large volume of "standard" traffic (mostly private cars and taxicabs) and the block outside the Armory was chosen because there weren't any abutting apartment-house tenants to make a squawk.

A Mr. Kraus, the Department of Purchase's paint expert, tells us that he is looking for "a fast-drying, durable, visible, non-staining paint." Asphalt presents a difficult paint problem; the turpentine in some paint dissolves the asphalt, and there's a mess. At present, the city is using what Mr. Kraus describes, with a tolerant shrug, as "a varnishlike, oleoresinous paint." It remains visible from five to nine months, depending on traffic conditions. In September, 1939, Mr. Kraus had some samples painted outside the Armory, and by October of last year they were gone completely. The present lines date back to October 10th, and are, says Mr. Kraus, "behaving themselves, generally speaking."

Identification

THE Trapp Family Singers, a group of distinguished Austrian choristers, came out of Town Hall one recent night after a concert wearing their professional costumes: Alpine hats, shoes with silver buckles, green satin skirts, and the like. They walked east and reached the corner of Sixth Avenue coincidentally with two young ladies, one of whom looked at them with astonishment and asked her friend who she thought they were. "Hillbillies," said her friend.

Hexing Hitler

IF Adolf Hitler pines away and dies in the near future, it may well be because of a bit of doll magic formulated by William Seabrook, the demonologist, and practiced by a group of part-time witches in Washington, D.C. When we got wind of this strange project, we called on Mr. Seabrook, and he told us all about it. We should explain that Mr. Seabrook has travelled extensively, studied all the known forms of voodoo and black magic, and even dabbled in cannibalism. Well, a year ago he published a book called "Witchcraft," which treated contemporary witchcraft (which still flourishes widely in this day and age) from the standpoint of modern psychology. One of Mr. Seabrook's points was that the trick of making an image of an enemy and sticking pins into it is really efficient, because the victim gets wind of it and worries himself into a poor spell, if not into his grave. Mr. Seabrook's term for this is "induced auto-suggestion."

After the publication of "Witchcraft," Mr. Seabrook received a letter from one Richard W. Tupper, of Washington, asking him for instructions for working doll magic against Hitler. "Some mumbo jumbo and doll magic would help pass the long winter evenings down here," Mr. Tupper wrote. "And the movement might grow to tremendous proportions and end up successfully, if Hitler learns that thousands of people are hexing him." Mr. Tupper described himself as an employee in the Public Relations Department of the American Automobile Association. Mr. Seabrook was delighted with the idea, and sent Mr. Tupper full instructions by return mail. You make up a doll to look like Hitler, christen it "Hitler," then sit at night with a circle of your friends, singing incantations and sticking the doll with pins, needles, and nails. If you have some *banghi*, or African palm wine, to drink, so much the better. Mr. Seabrook describes the incantations as "vicious, repetitive, singsong doggerel." Just to get Tupper started off on the right foot, he composed him an incantation, to the tune of "John Brown's Body":

Istan, come and help us, we are driving
nails and needles,
We are driving pins and needles into
Adolf Hitler's heart.
We are driving nails and needles, we are
driving pins and needles,
Cats will claw his heart in darkness, dogs
will bite it in the night.

Istan, he explained, is a pagan witch god worshipped in Central Europe during the Middle Ages. We pointed out that the words didn't fit the tune of "John Brown's Body" very well, and Mr. Seabrook just said, "So much the better."

Subsequent reports from Tupper indicate that things are going fine. He and twenty of his friends get together after dinner once a week and work on Hitler until midnight. They have no *banghi*, but make out very well with Scotch-and-soda. "The girls, as might be expected, are the best witches," Tupper wrote to Seabrook. "They get all big-eyed and excited and rasp out the incantations fit to curdle your blood as they stick things into the doll's vitals." The sessions begin in an embarrassed tongue-in-cheek atmosphere, and end in terrific intensity. "It naturally would be that way," Seabrook told us. "And anyhow, it makes no difference whether you are serious about it or not," he added. "The main thing is that as many people as possible do it and that Hitler learns it's being done." He expressed the hope that this very article might be the means of letting Hitler know it's all up with him; we said we hoped so, too. "After all," Mr. Seabrook remarked in parting, "it was Hitler who invented psychological warfare."

Simile

LIKE cabdrivers and certain other people we could name, dentists are apt to have their occupational way of describing things. A lady we know was waiting her turn in her dentist's anteroom one day last week when the lady ahead of her came out and snuggled into an impressive mink coat. As our lady seated herself in the chair, she remarked that her predecessor seemed to be someone of uncommon standing and wealth. "Yes," said the dentist as he rinsed off his hands. "Had a diamond on her finger as big as a first molar."

THE MAGICAL NUMBERS

GREGORY PAULSEN, the director, tossed his Alpine hat upon the white, deep-cushioned chair. It teetered, and fell. "The hell with it," he said. He took off his African bush coat and tossed it upon the chair. It stayed. He removed his bandanna neckerchief and stuffed it in his pocket and looked at his wife.

She was sitting in another white, deep-cushioned chair near the fireplace. Both legs were on the seat, curled under her, and she was staring at the newspaper. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," she said.

"Well, what are you reading so intently?"

She raised her eyes to the top of the paper and read aloud, "The *Herald Express.*"

"God, you look as if you were studying a problem in math."

"In what?" she said, looking at him for the first time.

"In math. Mathematics. Arithmetic. Algebra."

"I am," she said.

He sat down and lit a cigarette. "Oh, I see. Well, I always thought they'd come to that."

"Who?"

"The *Herald Express.* I always used to say it's only a question of time, matter of months or weeks, then they'll have to turn it into an arithmetic book." Paulsen rang for the butler. "Nobody cares about murder or rape any more. The American people—"

"Shut up. I'm trying to remember something."

"Can you remember what happened to Harry? Why doesn't he answer the bell? I want a drink." He got up and rang a second, a third time.

"I was born in 1917. That's true," she said.

"Harry, get me a Scotch-and-soda and *put some Scotch* in it. Gladys? Drink?"

She shook her head no. "I have to concentrate. Liquor makes me not concentrate." To Harry she said, "Harry, get me a pencil and a piece of paper. Some old paper, not the engraved."

"Yes, Ma'am." Harry went on his errands.

"I can't do this in my head, but I think they're right," said Gladys. "Here. I might as well show it to you." She held out the paper.

"Read it to me. I won't move out of this chair till I get a drink."

"Well, it's an article in the *Herald* and it says, this is the headline, 'Gladys Gray's Lucky Numbers.' That's the headline. Then it says, underneath, 'The magical numbers seven and eleven have played an important part in the life of lovely Gladys Gray, Twentieth Century-Fox featured player now appearing in "Strange President," the story of the life of John Tyler, the Darryl F. Zanuck production which is now showing at Grauman's Chinese.' I wonder how it's doing."

"Sensational. . . . Thanks, Harry," said Paulsen.

"Thank you, Harry. Anyway, then it goes on to say, 'Grauman's Chinese. Miss Gray, who laughingly denies being a slave to superstition, nevertheless admits that if she were so inclined she would be influenced by the numbers so dear to the devotees of the "galloping ivories." ' I wish they didn't put that in. I don't want people going around thinking I'm a crap-shooter."

"They wouldn't if they ever saw you," said Paulsen.

"Do you want me to read this or will you stop interrupting?"

"Continue, continue," said Paulsen.

"Just remember you're not my director. When you come home, you leave that stuff at the studio and don't keep directing, directing, directing. That's the—"

"The numbers seven and eleven," said Paulsen.

"Well. Just remember. 'Miss Gray was born on July 11, 1917; July is the seventh month, and she was born on the eleventh day of that month.' That's right. 'Also there is an eleven and a seven in 1917. She has appeared in eleven pictures.' That's not counting shorts, I guess. 'She was married to Gregory Paulsen, the director, on April 7, 1937, which not only has two sevens, but also April is the fourth month and four plus seven equals eleven. Prominent in the activities of the Tailwaggers, Miss Gray has owned seven dogs; there is an eleven in her licence plates and a seven in the street address of her Roxbury Drive home.' Jeepers Creepers! It's uncanny."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is. It's *definitely* uncanny, especially because I never noticed it before. It's been going on ever since I was born and I never noticed it. Where do you think they got it?"

"The publicity department, naturally."

"Kline?"

"Not Kline. He couldn't be bothered with that. Somebody you never heard of. Probably some office boy. They do it all the time."

"I never heard of it before. Anyway, how would they know all that?"

"Listen, lovely Gladys Gray, if I had a buck for every time that gag has been used, I'd—I could buy you seven hundred and eleven diamonds, at least. When I was with *F.B.O.* for God's sake they were doing it. The first time I was with Uni*versal* they were doing it."

"But it's true."

"All right, so it's true. As far as that goes, I have seven letters in my first name and seven in my last. There are seven days in a week. I am thirty-eight years old. Eight and three's eleven. It's a gag. And not a very good gag, either."

"You can't sit there and tell me it doesn't work out more with me than it does with you. Why look, from the day I was born. Your birthday isn't anything like mine. I'll bet it works out in thousands of ways. Ring for Harry."

"Gladly," said Paulsen.

Harry appeared. "Yes, Ma'am?"

"Harry, how old are you?" said Gladys.

"Forty-one, Ma'am."

"How old is Elsie?"

"I think she's thirty-six, Ma'am."

"Thirty-six. Six and three. Are you sure she isn't thirty-eight?"

"Pretty sure, Ma'am. I ain't even sure she's thirty-six yet."

"Maybe she's thirty-four."

"I don't think she's thirty-four, Ma'am. I'm pretty sure of that," said Harry.

"Maybe she could be seventy-seven," said Paulsen. "Harry, I'm about ready for another one."

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"My mother!" said Gladys.

"Ma'am?" said Harry.

"Not you, Harry. You can get Mr. Paulsen's drink."

"No, not you, Harry. I have to have six more drinks. Or maybe ten," said Paulsen.

". . . October, No*vem*ber. Eleven. I know it was November. Do you remember Ma's birthday?"

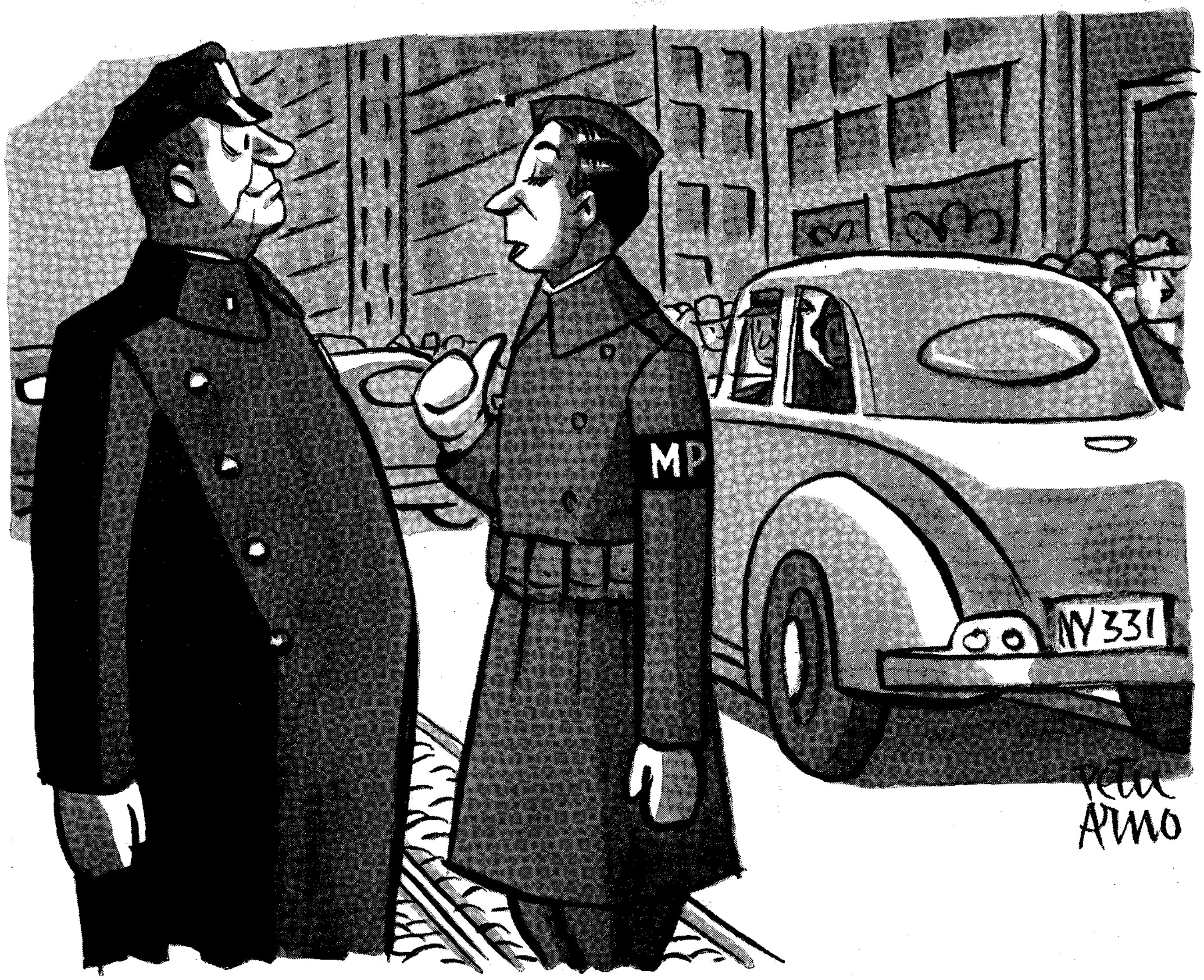
"Very well," said Paulsen.

"It was in November, and that's eleven. See?"

"That's right. I should have given her eleven hundred dollars instead of a lousy old even grand," said Paulsen.

"I gave part of it, don't forget."

"I remember you were *going* to give part of it. But Christmas, new fur coat, one thing or another. Those things nat-



"I told him to pull over, and I asked him if he was going to a fire. Now what do I do?"

• •

urally slip one's mind. I know how it is. Easy come, easy go. What are we having for dinner?"

"That's all right. You lose that much playing poker."

"I'll have you know I'm ahead of that game. I'm over two thousand bucks ahead of that game."

"Highball, sir," said Harry. "Elsie says she's thirty-five, Ma'am. She'll be thirty-six next birthday. She says you have a record of it in some insurance papers."

"Thirty-five. Oh, well, she was thirty-four when we hired her," said Gladys.

"Mrs. Paulsen's interested in numerology, Harry. That's all, thanks."

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

WHEN he had left the room, Paulsen got up and went to see for sure that Harry wasn't listening outside. "You damn fool," said Paulsen. "They'll walk out on us. They think you're crazy, and the best damn couple in Hollywood."

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill," she said. "Anyway, maybe we ought to let him go. He isn't either one, seven, or eleven. At least she was seven when she came here, but he never was. Oh, I know. How do you spell O'Neill?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"That's Harry's name. How do you spell it?"

Paulsen thought a moment, moving his lips slightly and counting on fingers that he held behind his back. "O'Neill? Why, 'o-n-e-i-double-l.'"

"You sure?"

"Positive. There's no other way to spell it. Eugene O'Neill. Look in the bookcase. The plays of Eugene O'Neill. See for yourself."

"Six! Six and five, eleven! Jeepers Creepers! Harry O'Neill, eleven. See?"

"You're right, Gladys. You're certainly right. Yes sir."

She looked at him with hostility and suspicion. "I don't know. I'm not so sure."

"Now what?"

"A minute ago you were saying it was a gag, and now suddenly you're all enthusiastic. Are you trying to shut me up by babying me?"

"Oh, now honey, don't misjudge me," said Paulsen.

"Well," said Gladys. She picked up the paper again. He watched her nervously until she said, "For God's sake, who do you think they gave Claudette's dressing room to?" —JOHN O'HARA

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RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From Life*]

Like other Moran models she got $5.00 an hour and is now married to W. R. Hearst's son, David.

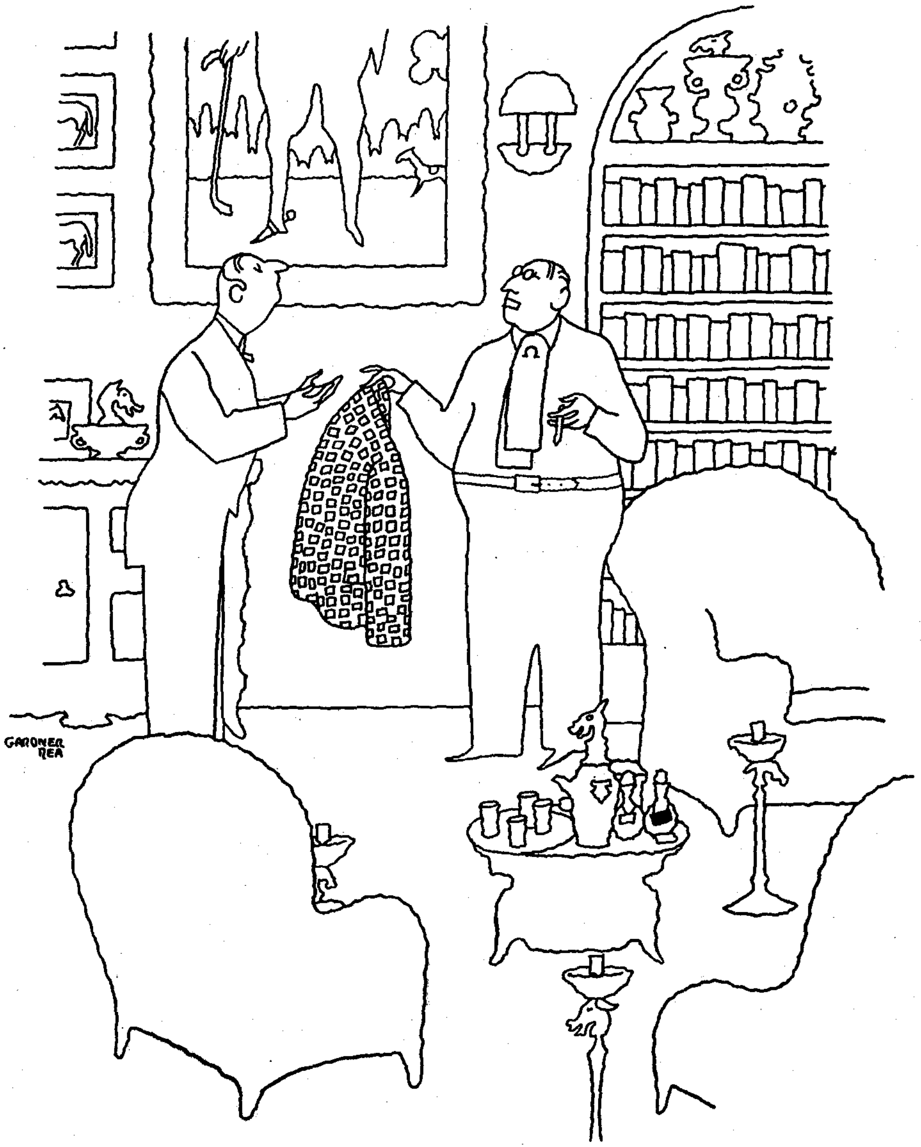
DROPPED FROM HEAVEN

THE sharp light of morning emphasized the perspective of Albion Terrace, whose small stucco houses, with light ironwork steps descending from hooded doorways to pocket-handkerchief lawns, preserved, so Mr. Campion said, better than any other street in London the polite, amoral grace of the Regency. Many of the polite, amoral graces of that period had lived and entertained in Albion Terrace, and a campaign to persuade the London County Council to commemorate, with blue-and-white plaques, the tenancy of some of the better-known light-o'-loves was one of Mr. Campion's favorite dinner-party gambits.

Now Mrs. Campion was standing on her top step, staring vaguely at the sky and shaking a duster without energy. She had pale-green eyes, pure as a kitten's, and they looked so much at variance with her small, anxious, sallow face that one had the impression they must have been given her by some rich admirer with more connoisseurship than discretion. She yawned several times and lowered her gaze. At the bottom of the terrace, just closing the gate of No. 47 behind him, was a policeman. Nos. 45 and 43 were empty, and he passed them, but turned in again through the gate of 41 and mounted the steps. And having done with 41, he went on to 39.

"Methodical as the milk," she observed. At the same moment she guessed what his errand must be. But instead of doing any of the things she ought to have done, instead of going indoors to turn off the gas, the electricity, and the water at the mains, instead of packing up the spoons or changing into a street suit, she continued to stand in the sun, watching the policeman's advance.

Presently she could tell from the fragments of conversation which reached her that her guess was indeed exactly right, but even when her own gate squeaked on its hinges and the policeman had come up the steps and was offering his chest to her steady scrutiny, she continued to look attentive and docile and to say nothing.



"Jenkins, just dash out and whisk this jacket through the stables."

"Are you the occupier of these premises?"

"I am," she answered ritualistically. "That's to say, my husband has just gone off to his office and the charwoman doesn't seem to be coming."

"A time bomb has been located in the Mews," said the policeman. "In the interests of public safety, it is necessary to clear the Terrace. Only temporarily, we hope. Before leaving, which should be done as soon as possible, it would be advisable . . ."

While he spoke, she was folding the duster and smoothing it. "But what will you do about my husband? He's coming back to lunch."

"Do not trouble, Madam. He will be intercepted." Her expression was so queerly unconvinced that he noticed it and added, "There'll be notices up, you know, or a barrier. You needn't worry about him." And as her expression remained just as unconvinced as before, he resumed his official standing and said, "Doubtless you could get into communication with him."

READY just inside the door were the two suitcases. James had placed them there over a month ago, having packed them himself, a man full of plans and foresight. She ran down to the kitchen to turn off the gas and the electricity and the water at the mains. Then she ran upstairs to change her clothes. Everything that she passed by reproached her, heaped on her the mute reproaches of the blameless and helpless. She felt as though she were being eyed by countless misjudged and faithful spaniels. *You are leaving us,* blinked chairs and tables and ornaments. *You don't love us any more.*

She stared round the bedroom as she fastened her skirt. She must, she must take something with her, some little portable thing. But what? Obviously, something that James had given her. But again, what? The room was full of things that James had given her, all beautiful, all genuine, and almost all expensive. She picked up a small white satin pincushion, elaborately puffed and pearled. It was a childbed pincushion and “Bless the Child and Save the Mother” was picked out on it in small pins, every one of which, James said, was of the period. Once, being in a hurry, she had used two of them. One she had replaced. The other got lost, and the break in the curly capital “C” was like a tiny, almost obliterated scar. She stuffed the pincushion into her handbag.

“Oh God, oh God!” she whispered, running downstairs. Picking up the two suitcases, she exclaimed more attentively. They were astonishingly heavy. She found that she could now recall some of the things James had been saying during the afternoon he had packed them: that one might find oneself very inconveniently fixed without a hammer and some good, stout nails; that a bottle of whiskey weighs very little more than a half-bottle; that she would be sorry to lose her malachite box; that Browne’s “Pseudodoxia” was a book he had always been meaning to reread. She staggered out, and behind her the door closed with a noise like a sighing breath cut short.

Other doors too were opening and shutting. The people of Albion Terrace were in retreat. Here and there from a window left open some bright-colored curtain waved, as though in farewell. Dogs barked and tugged at their leads, an old man went rapidly by in a self-propelling Bath chair that was heaped with parcels. Children, pale and walking stiffly, carried little cases; a cat mewed and lurched in a hamper; some canaries sang loudly in a cage.

“How odd! I have neither chick nor child,” thought Dionysia Campion. “Perhaps that is why I feel so heartless.”

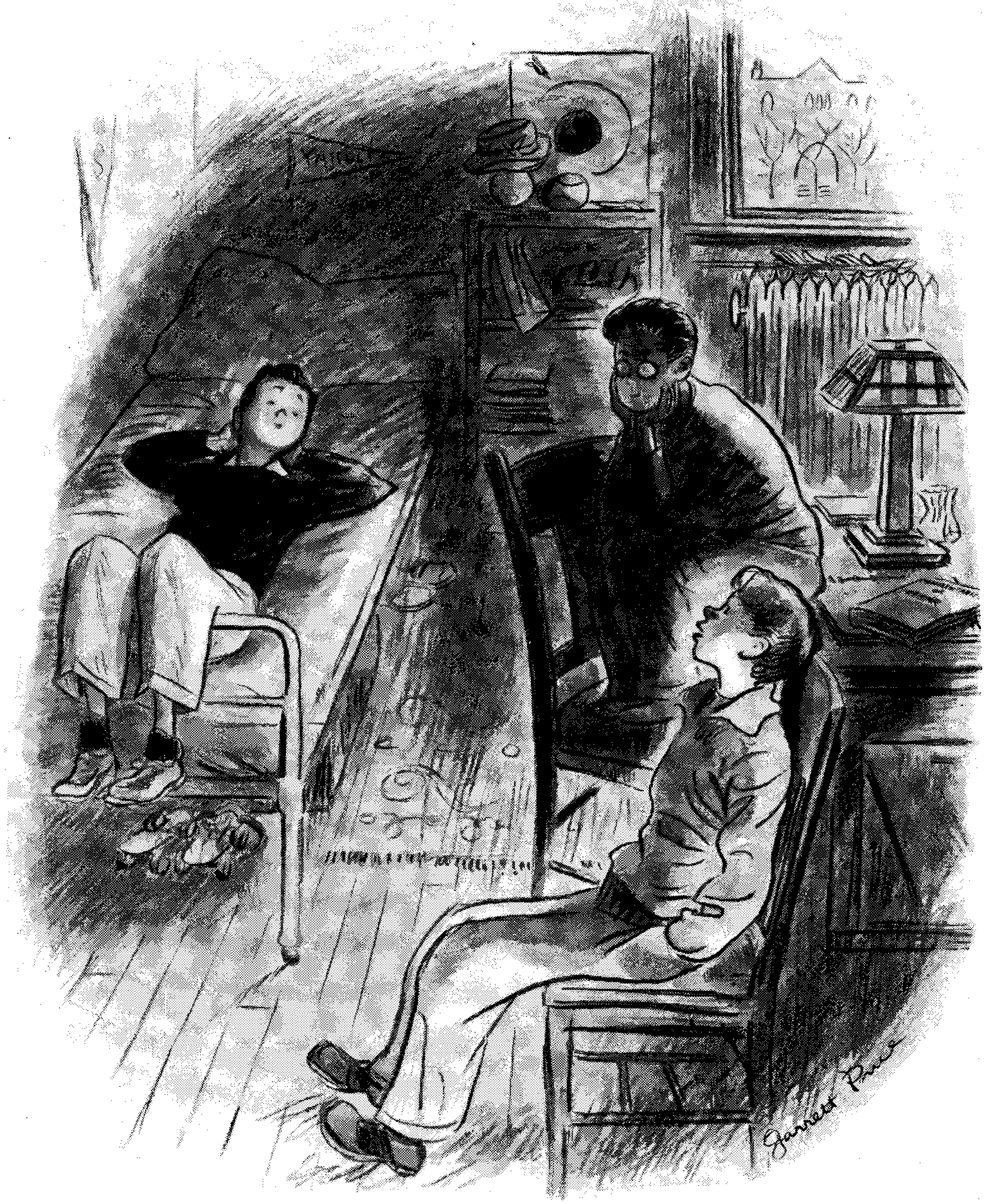
Two women passed her, and as they passed, one was saying, “And when I think that only yesterday I had the chimney sweep . . .”

The suitcases banged against her legs, and she began to wonder what one does with suitcases containing all that might remain of one’s worldly goods. Refugees, she knew, carried suitcases and were never parted from them. More fortunate people hailed a taxi. She hailed one. But while the taximan was loading on the suitcases, it occurred to her that a taxi was only a temporary expedient. She could not drive about in it all day.

“Where to, lady?” the driver said.

“I’m not quite sure. I’ve got to think a little. Anyway, drive me somewhere away from here.”

“Quite a lot of people use hotels,” he said. “Others seem to like railway stations.”



“I like a cigarette that’s mild, mellow, cool.”

• •

“Just drive, please.” They started.

Sometimes she looked out of the window, sometimes she looked at her watch. Suddenly everything became clear to her. She would leave the suitcases at James’ club; he could meet them there for lunch. As for herself, she would take a day off, she would go exploring, she would visit St. Paul’s.

So much a Londoner that she took London for granted, she had never been inside St. Paul’s. The taxi-driver thought it a very spirited destination and remarked, as they parted near the cathedral, that plenty of time bombs got nipped in the bud. Stuffing the childbed pincushion back into her handbag, from which she’d had to remove it to get at the money for her fare, she agreed cordially. An instant later, standing by the statue of Queen Anne and hearing the whir of the pigeons’ wings overhead, she began to tremble. She mounted a few steps and then looked upward. The portico seemed to reel toward her, she anticipated the weight of the whole enormous building. A door swung open and she heard sounds of a cough, a voice, a chair scraped along the floor, hammer blows, all melted and enveloped in one vast, melodious echo, as though these shreds of living were being simmered down in this soup caldron whose lid was a dome with a cross on it. She turned back, intimidated.

London, she reflected, was full of things which she had never been taken to see and which it might be amusing to see alone. There was the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. There were all those Wren churches—many of them must still be undamaged—and James could not have taken her to every one of them, for her demeanor in churches was unendearing to any lover of architecture, since she always became absorbed in reading about the dead instead of admiring such things as retrochoirs and proportions. There was Greenwich Observatory, where the Astronomer Royal and his telescope still directed themselves to the permanent phenomena of the heavens. There was the Physic Garden, and Carlyle's House, and Somerset House, and Bedlam.

And immediately in front of her was a telephone booth. In the taxi it had seemed to her that, calmed by a half hour in St. Paul's, she would find it less painful to ring up James and tell him he was temporarily evacuated. Tell him she must. It would be heartless to leave him to go back for lunch and learn for himself. Being so much more assimilable in proportions than St. Paul's, the telephone booth seemed cozy and reassuring. Opening her bag, she downed the childbed pincushion and got at the pennies. She dialled. Perhaps he would be out and she could leave the message with his nice, sympathetic secretary.

"Mr. Campion? Yes, Mrs. Campion. It *is* Mrs. Campion, isn't it? I'll put you through immediately."

"Hullo, Dionysia."

"James."

"Well? Is anything wrong?"

"James. You'd better lunch at your club."

"Gas gone off again?"

"No. But there's a time bomb in the Mews, and we're temporarily evacuated. The policeman came just after you'd gone."

After a pause, he said, "My God!" After another pause, he said, in an even more remote and ruminating voice, "Damn!"

"James, I turned everything off, and I took your suitcase to the club. I left mine there, too. I thought perhaps you could have lunch at the club."

"Oh, all right! But why don't I meet you for lunch? Where are you, by the way?"

"Outside St. Paul's. James, I don't think I can lunch with you, not while your home is hanging on tenterhooks."

"That's very sensitive of you. Do you think you could bring yourself to sleep with me tonight?"

THE AMBULANT BLUES

Went into a skyscraper, asked for love,
They said I'd better try the floor up above;
Thanked them politely and climbed the stair,
But I didn't find anything but thin, thin air.
Turned me around and went away,
And heard them whispering, "He didn't stay."
But there was no use in standing around
To wait for a wound.

Went to a music hall, heard a bass
Singing that to love was a loss of face;
The audience whistled and asked for more,
But I picked up my hat and went out the door.
A policeman came along as I stood on the curb,
Hung a sign on me, "Please Don't Disturb."
But there was no use in standing around
To wait for a wound.

Went to a museum and saw a girl
Carved right out of a living pearl;
Tried to touch her, but the old guard said,
"You can touch all day, but she'll still stay dead."
Nodded my head and moved along,
Saw she was a statue and that I'd been wrong.
But there was no use in standing around
To wait for a wound.

Went into a cinema, asked for a seat,
Stood around waiting on my tired feet;
The screen was crowded with women and men,
But the images faded and didn't come again.
The usher came up and he waved his hand,
Said to me, "You're not the type, you'll have to stand."
But there was no use in standing around
To wait for a wound.

Walked across some bridges, planned to take a dive,
Couldn't see a reason for remaining alive;
Water looked up, said, "Whatever you do,
Don't bother me and I won't bother you."
Tore up my note and came back home;
I'll sit here and die, and nevermore roam.
For there's no use in moving around
In search of a wound.

—HARRY BROWN

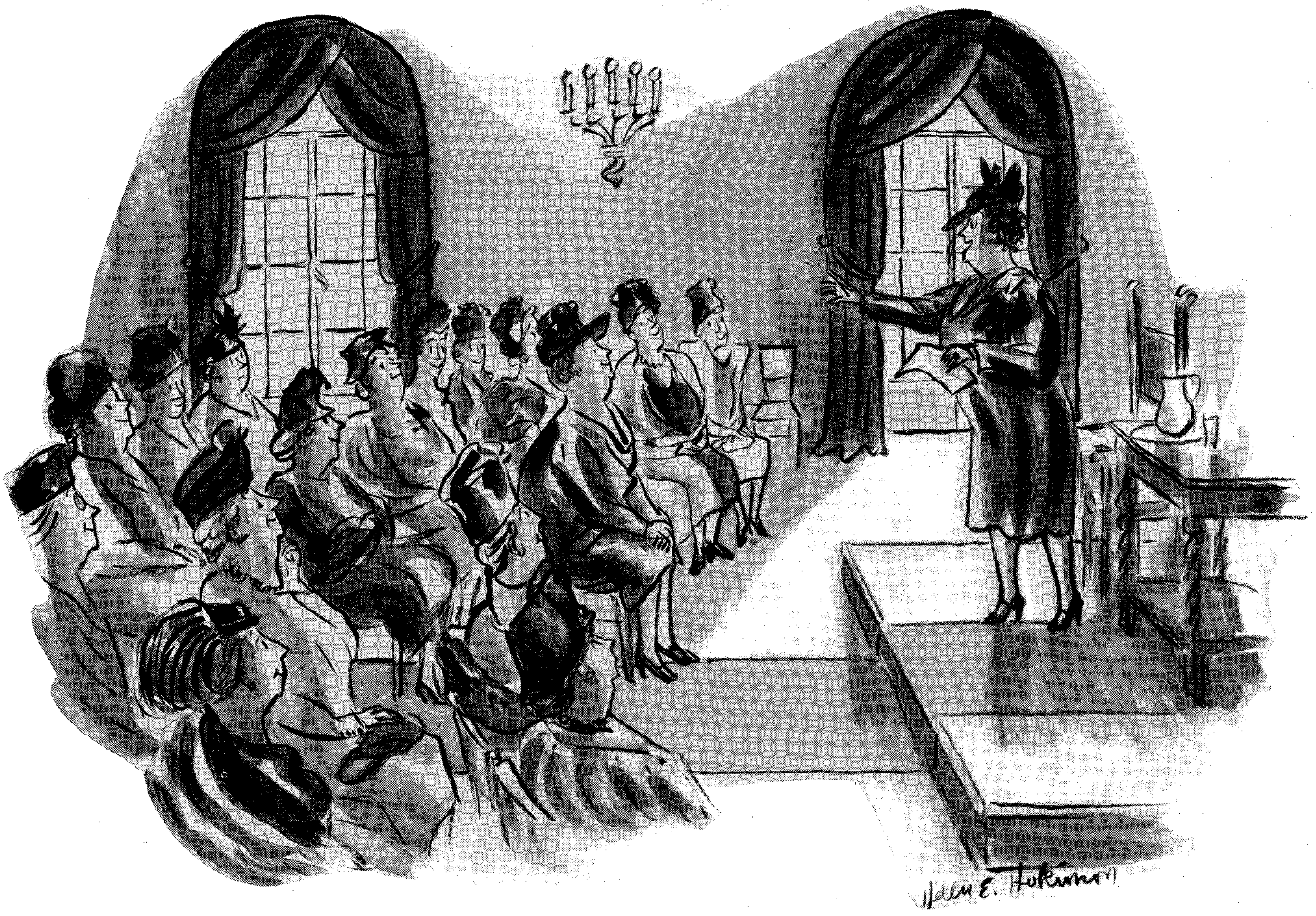
• •

"I suppose I ought to see about a room in a hotel?"

"Unless you prefer the Tube, or some dome of many-colored glass over a Rest Centre."

No wonder he was cross, she thought after she had hung up. What on earth possessed me to say "your home"? Isn't it my home too? Our bed, our rosewood dining table, our Adam settee? Deep within her, eating away like the chemical of a time bomb, an invincible truthfulness responded and said, No! James' home. James' choice. James' taste. James' wife, who was James' home's caretaker. For now it could not be denied. The policeman had come to her like some draped angel, calling on her to arise and leave the fleshpots of Egypt. At the most, he had promised an absolute departure. At the least, he had bestowed a whole day during which her responsibilities to 11 Albion Terrace would be in abeyance, a whole day in which she would be free to gad whither she pleased. How ridiculous of her to think she wanted to see St. Paul's! Of course she didn't. That sort of wish was merely a copycatting of James. Her wishes were bounded by the West End and solitude, were quite simple, base, and ordinary.

What she wished was first to have her hair washed and set, her face massaged,



“Good news! The program committee has found a way to retrench without giving up Christopher Morley.”

• •

her hands manicured. Then she would like a simple, base, and ordinary lunch—macaroni cheese and lemon pie. Then she would like to go to the gramophone shop and try over a lot of records, sitting in a cubicle furnished with nothing but an easy chair and an ashtray. Then she would like a cup of chocolate and a hot muffin. Then . . . Then it would be time to hurry through the falling dusk to see what had happened in Albion Terrace. If it had gone, James' heart would break. Poor James, anyway. In one minute he had had to learn that his home was balanced on the edge of destruction and that his wife was unfaithful to his home.

With guilty alacrity she jumped on a bus; shameless and nimble as any cat running off with the cold pheasant, she ran off to make the most of her shameful holiday. Hourly becoming more depraved, she told the manicurist all about the time bomb in the Mews, and lapped up the sympathy that followed. At the record shop, too, she told the man about the time bomb, and he agreed with her that music was what she needed, music was the only possible comfort and solace. She played through an album of songs by Debussy, a type of music that James detested, and went out, having bought nothing, humming to herself a vague incantation of whole-tone-scale melodies in her husky voice, which was like a pastel, for it smudged and could never stay in tune.

DUSK was falling as the taxi neared Albion Terrace. But it would not be too dark to see the notice at the end of the street. She peered out. There was no notice. The taxi stopped before No. 11. This time the childbed pincushion made its getaway and fell in the gutter. She picked it up and, dangling it by its white ribbon loop, mounted the steps and let herself into the dark hallway. Two steps further on, she fell over the suitcases.

A door opened; a light was switched on.

“Well, Dionysia?” James said.

“Oh dear, I didn't mean to be so late! I meant to be back in time to do the blackout and light a fire for you if we still had a hearth. Then I just couldn't. I couldn't face finding it all ruins and smithereens. Was it awful coming back, James, not knowing what to expect?”

“Not at all. I'd rung up the police station.” Then he looked at the little white bolster she dangled. “What on earth's that?” he said.

“My pincushion. I just had to take something.”

“Incurable *Kitsch* cat! What a thing to choose! And did you visit St. Paul's with that in your hand?”

“In my bag.”

When he said “St. Paul's,” she remembered that she had done nothing about booking a hotel bedroom for the night. But as they were now back in Albion Terrace, with any luck that fact would not emerge.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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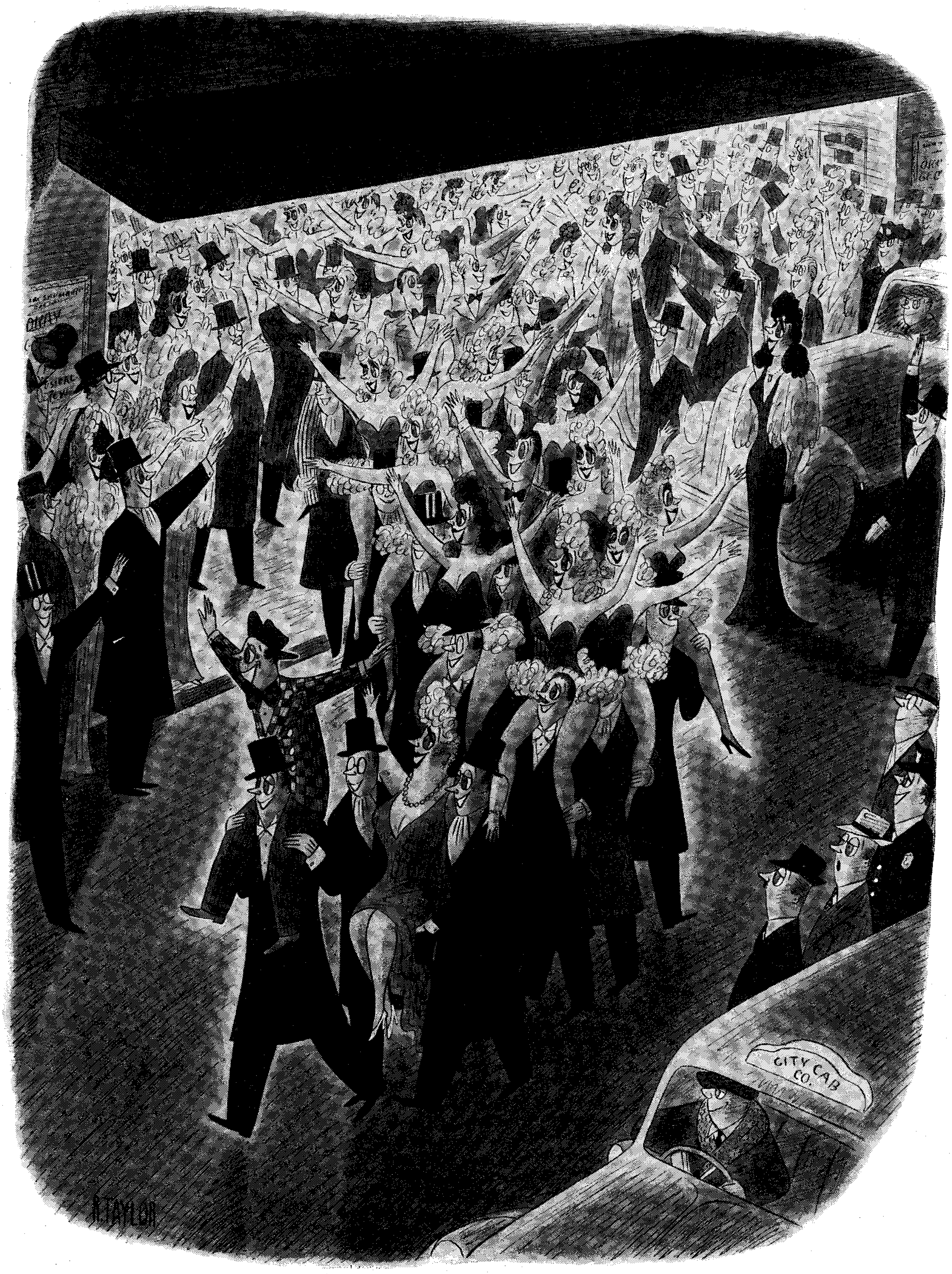
Shortly after the transfusion Na Pua recovered and met and married him . . . Recently they had the first of their planned 76 blessed-events.—*Walter Winchell in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

A start is a start.


CITY CAB CO.
R. TAYLOR

"Looks like a hit, doesn't it?"

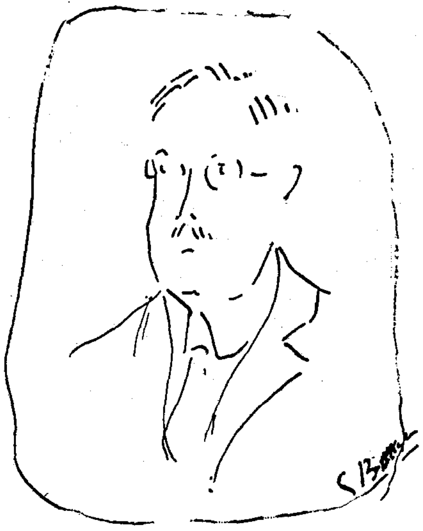
PROFILES

THE MEDICI ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

THE Museum of Living Art, a collection of some hundred and thirty paintings which are housed informally in a large study room on the ground floor of New York University's main building at Washington Square, is, at the age of thirteen, the oldest modern museum in the country. In 1927, when it was founded, the Whitney Museum and the Museum of Modern Art did not exist, and the abstract paintings of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, now publicly exhibited, were still privately owned. The Museum of Living Art was the first one to buy such advanced American painters as John Marin and Charles Demuth, and such advanced European artists as Picasso, Georges Braque, Juan Gris, and Fernand Léger. Open to the public, free, every weekday and every weekday night, except Saturday, until ten o'clock, it has not only survived; it has quadrupled its original contents without benefit of dues-paying members, cocktail parties, motion pictures, or Latin-American concerts. It has also survived without benefit of very much interest on the part of the general public, although a good many of the world's leading painters think highly of it. Its founding, growth, and continuing existence are due wholly to Albert Eugene Gallatin, a man who knows what he likes and an exponent of the theory that in a museum the collection is more important than the manner in which it is hung. The collection's examples of Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Cézanne, Seurat, Utrillo, Miró, Brancusi, and other moderns are products of the Gallatin choice and fruits of the Gallatin pocketbook; the university, of which Gallatin is a trustee, and of which one of his great-grandfathers was a founder, supplies the space and Gallatin does the rest, down to pasting labels on the pictures and hanging new acquisitions. Gallatin owns everything in the museum and could remove its contents any time he wanted to; he has, however, refused offers to sell any part of it, and according to his will it will eventually become the property of the university.

Gallatin believes that most museums waste a lot of money, and his arrangement with New York University enables him to call attention to the implausibly modest budget on which he runs his. He estimates this at $15 a year, and he likes to compare this sum with the hundreds of thousands similarly spent by the Whitney, Modern, and Metropolitan Museums—institutions which he is convinced do a great deal less toward educating public taste than his own. Gallatin has arrived at this figure by computing what he spends on taxis to bring in new paintings, and on typing and postage to send Museum bulletins to friends. He does not include the salary of university guards who keep an eye on the museum, because, he says, the university would have to have the guards in any case. The Museum's paintings have cost anywhere from $4 to $10,500, and Gallatin says that the total value of the collection cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. The $10,500 was the price of Picasso's "The Three Musicians," which the Museum acquired in 1936 and which won from Thomas Craven, writing in the New York *American*, the encomium "an old piece of mangled trumpery by Picasso." Gallatin, who regards Picasso as the world's greatest painter and "The Three Musicians" as one of his greatest paintings, has pasted Craven's estimate in a book of clippings, and occasionally, with a wry smile, shows it to friends. "The Three Musicians" is the only painting in the Museum which Gallatin has not purchased entirely with his own funds; its cost was shared by George L. K. Morris, an abstract painter and collector who is a brother of Newbold Morris.

GALLATIN, who is a bachelor, is a handsome, ruddy man of fifty-nine, with a military mustache and a poker face; he smiles only in the company of intimates, and talks in a low drawl that casual acquaintances find difficult to understand. He has an unhurried, sedate manner, and looks more like an old-school diplomat than a man who would take issue with Thomas Craven. He has little patience with people who dismiss his collection as being too *avant-garde,* and in the presence of such persons he is more likely to grunt than to talk. When he is with anyone who he feels may be sympathetic, he likes to point out that the Medici family's fame as collectors rests on their patronage of Michelangelo, Donatello, and Da Vinci, who were unknown Italians at the time, and that the character of his collection is identical with those formed by such sincere patrons of art as the Medici, Pope Julius III, and Louis XIV. Gallatin believes that some of the men of whose works he has been a pioneer purchaser may turn out to be the Michelangelos and Leonardos of today, and he takes pleasure in dwelling upon the distinction between patrons of art and patrons of art dealers. He considers himself a patron of art, but he is not sure that this can properly be said of the great majority of collectors around town.


Albert Eugene Gallatin

(From a drawing by Georges Braque)

The Guggenheim collection is a major *bête noire* in Gallatin's life, since it consists largely of what he looks upon as frightful examples of abstract painting, a field in which he is particularly interested. Gallatin feels that the Guggenheim pictures give people the wrong idea about this form of art, and his sentiments are so violent that in expressing them he sometimes resorts to poetry, as a sort of safety valve. The other day a companion innocently asked him what he thought of this collection. " 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain, and charitably let the dull be vain.' Pope," said Gallatin. His friend nodded. Gallatin has another quotation, from Gertrude Stein—"It is not I that change my mind about the painting but the paintings disappear into the wall"—which he falls back on to account for his habit of weeding out paintings from his museum from time to time. He thinks it takes courage to throw a picture out and that expulsions and calculated omissions can be just as beneficial to a collection as acquisitions. Among painters who he feels have helped the Gallatin collection by being thrown out are Tchelitchew, Morris Kantor, Max Ernst, and Henry Billings. "I think Max Ernst makes an interesting disappearance," Gallatin remarked recently. Gallatin spends part of every year in Lenox, and he has presented a number of his more attractive liquidations to the Berkshire Museum at

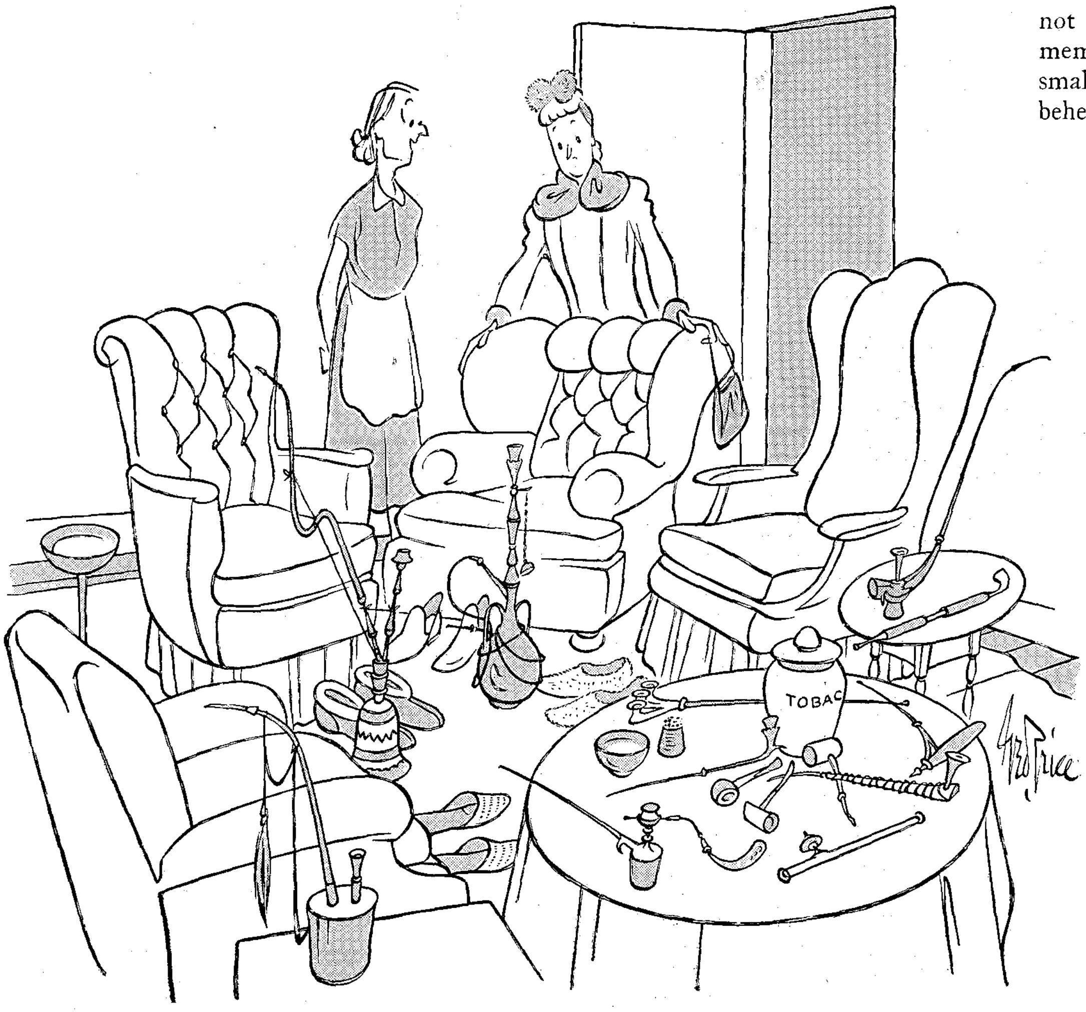
Pittsfield. The removal of a painting from Washington Square is not necessarily a disgrace, even in Gallatin's eyes, since space there is limited, and he has to make room for new pictures, which he buys at the rate of three or four a year.

Although Gallatin, out of a regard for seemliness, does not hang his own work in the Museum of Living Art, he is a recognized abstract painter himself. Several of his paintings were shown at the American Abstract Artists exhibit at the World's Fair; a number of Gallatins, travelling on a Western Association of Art Museums circuit, are currently being shown in Seattle, while a more comprehensive one-man show of his paintings will be held in April at the Willard Gallery, on East Fifty-Seventh Street. In the summer of 1938, at a show which he and two other abstract painters, George L. K. Morris and Charles G. Shaw, were holding at the Galerie Pierre in Paris, one of Gallatin's canvases was bought by the Museum of Modern Art. This institution's director, Alfred Barr, and its then president, Conger Goodyear, were in Paris, and they bought the Gallatin off the wall on the exhibit's opening day. This fact was announced by the exhibiting gallery's proprietor before a group of painters that included Picasso, Braque, Jean Arp, Mondrian, Léger, Morris, Shaw, and Gallatin. All applauded except Gallatin, who smiled nervously. Gallatin had declined an invitation to become a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art when it was founded, since he realized this would mean working with, and probably being outvoted by, people whose taste he deplores, and the fact that this museum has bought one of his pictures has not caused him to waver in a resolution not to become even an annual member. However, he disclaims all responsibility for the inclusion of his signature, last year, on a petition of artists urging that the Museum of Modern Art be torn down and an Egyptian pyramid be erected in its place. The petition was got up by the American Abstract Artists, an association of which Gallatin is a member, but his name was used without his consent.

NO doubt Gallatin is the only abstract painter in the world who is a member of the Union Club in New York, the Travellers Club in Paris, and the Society of the Cincinnati, and has been on terms of intimacy with the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. He is, moreover, the only American member of the French branch of the Society of the Cincinnati. This particular group consists exclusively of heads of families descended from Frenchmen who held the office of colonel, or higher, in the French army which fought here under Rochambeau and Lafayette during the Revolution, or who were at least captains of frigates in the French Navy. Gallatin is head of the Gallatin family, a clan whose members believe it to be descended from Atilius Callatinus, a fifth-century Roman consul, and he is a collateral descendant of Baron Gaspard Gabriel de Gallatin, a colonel of infantry who came here with Rochambeau and fought at Yorktown. The French Cincinnati, whose president, the Duc de Broglie, is a relative of Gallatin's, used to hold an annual dinner at the Jockey Club in Paris, and Gallatin, who has been abroad twenty-five times, occasionally turned up for this function. He is pleased at being in the French instead of an American branch of this organization, since not only is his position unique but the membership in France is flatteringly small, most early members having been beheaded in the French Revolution.

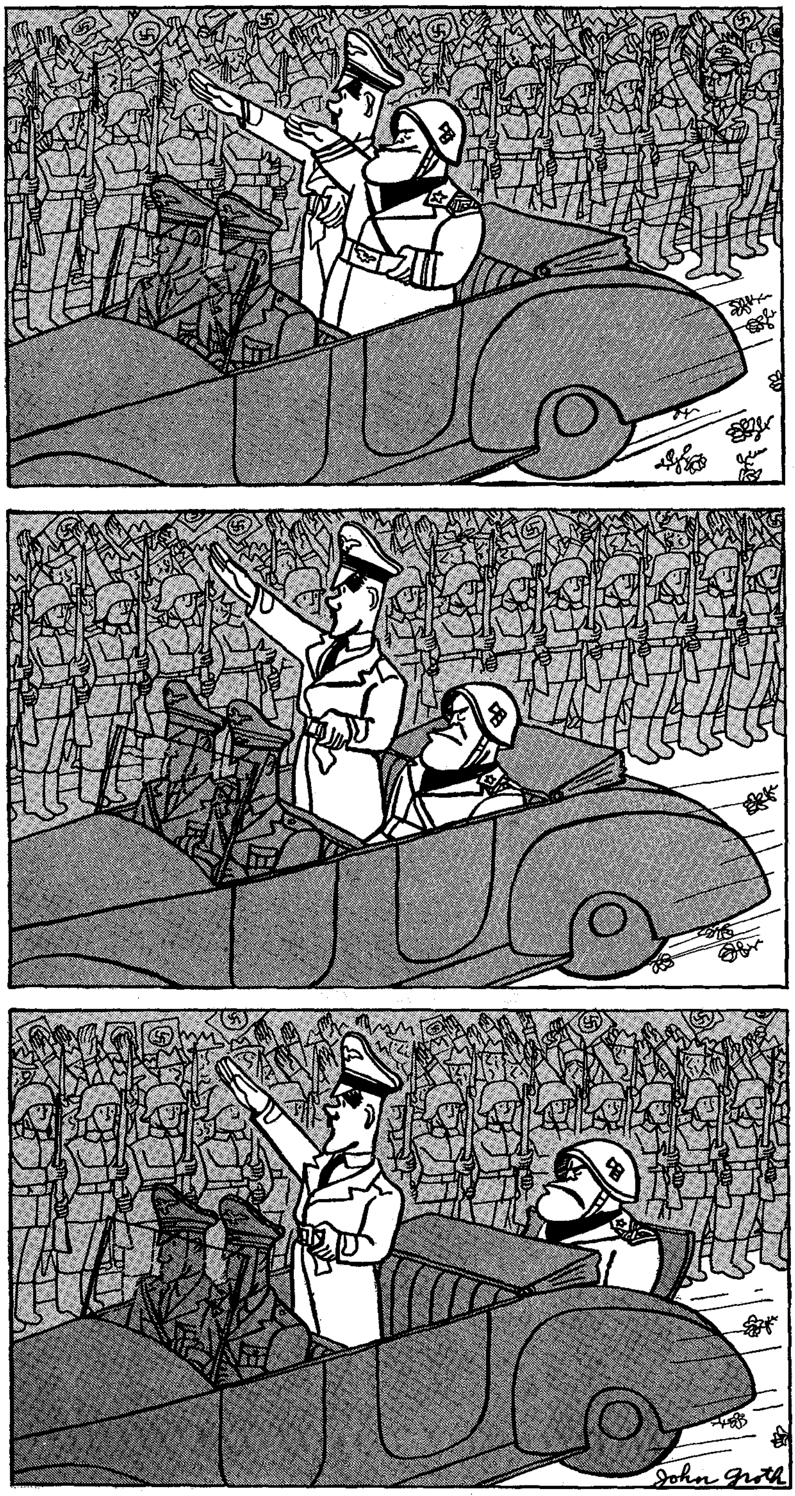
Gallatin likes to keep people straight about his status, and several years ago, at a reception given for the French and American members by Ambassador Edge at the American Embassy in Paris, when an American guest asked Gallatin what state branch he belonged to, he replied that he was a member of the French branch. "If you don't mind my saying so," his questioner said, "you speak very good English." Gallatin grunted. He was for many years the only abstract painter in the Turf and Field Club, but relinquished this distinction in 1930, when, lunching in the club enclosure at Belmont Park, he saw a man he knew entertained preposterous ideas about modern art. "Is that man a member?" he asked a friend. Learning that he was, Gallatin resigned at once.

Gallatin, who is called Eugene rather than Albert by his friends, is a great-grandson of the Albert Gallatin who came to this country from Switzerland and became Secretary of the Treasury under Madison



"He has some of his cronies in every Thursday night."

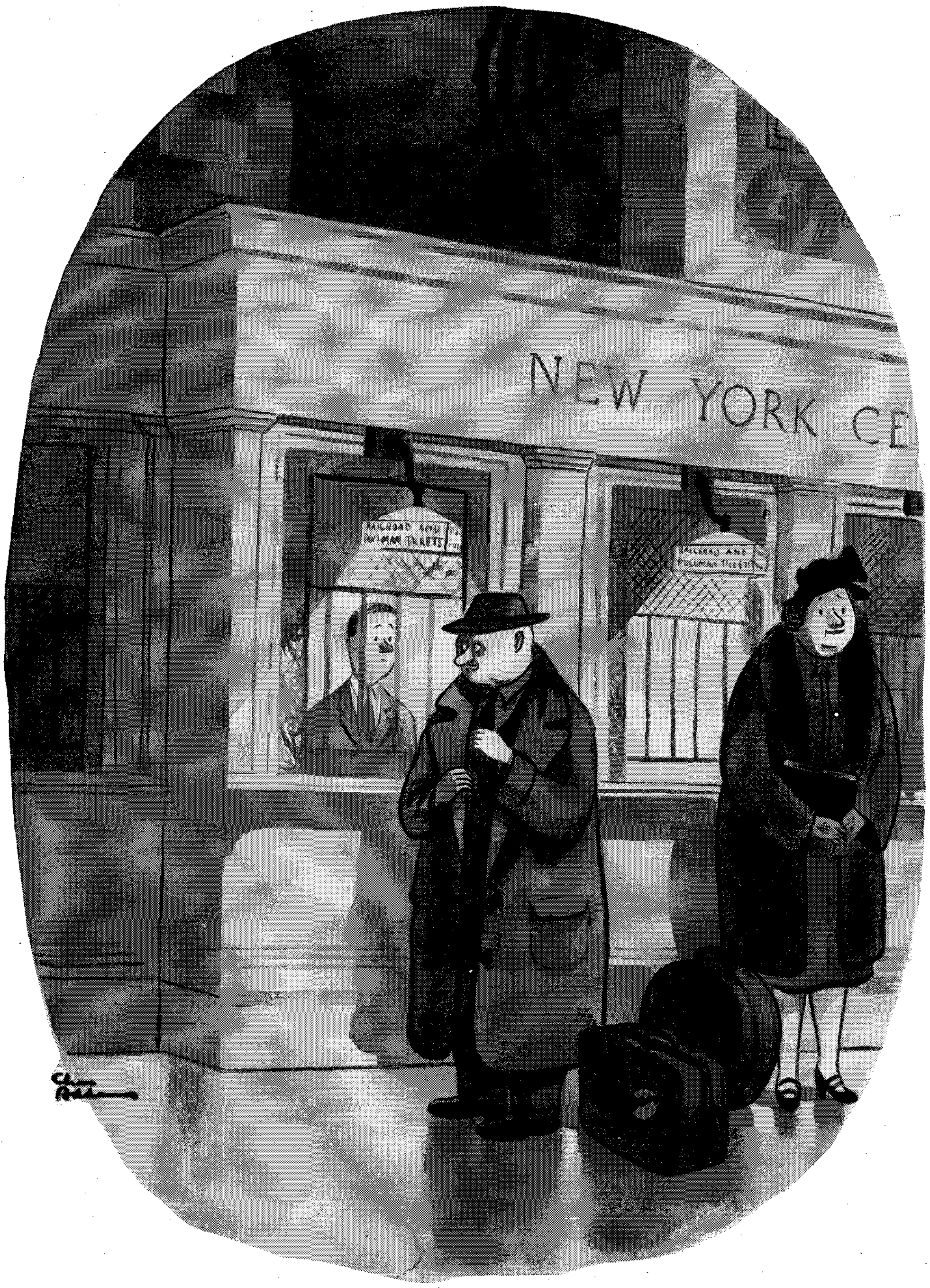
and Jefferson. Two or three years ago, this helped the Museum of Living Art to obtain some publicity in *Life*, which was running a series of articles on paintings in American collections. A member of the staff suggested including a group of photographs of pictures owned by Gallatin. The managing editor, a man who looked upon Picasso and Cézanne with profound suspicion, was doubtful about the Gallatin collection until he learned who Gallatin was; then he decided to take the curse off the project by starting with a reproduction of a Gilbert Stuart portrait of the celebrated Secretary of the Treasury. "I never would have run those pictures if they'd been owned by some heel," he said later. Gallatin is by no means the first member of his family to take an interest in art. In 1815, his great-uncle James, the Secretary's son, then seventeen, posed in Paris as Cupid for David's "Cupid and Psyche," a painting of a naked couple on a sofa, which is owned by the Louvre. "Uncle James always regretted the posing wasn't done simultaneously," says Gallatin.



GALLATIN's life falls into two unrelated and rather conflicting patterns. He was born fifty-nine years ago in Villanova, Pennsylvania, where his maternal grandmother had a country place; his boyhood winters were spent in New York, in the East Seventeenth Street house of his grandfather, Albert Rolaz Gallatin, and then on Gramercy Park, in a house his father, Albert Horatio Gallatin, bought when Eugene was nine. He attended Cutler School, and later took a four-year course at the New York Law School, a prerequisite of which was two years of college or their equivalent. Gallatin had not gone to college, but passed the necessary entrance exams after some tutoring and studying on his own. He never had any intention of practicing law and he never bothered to take his bar exams. He has no idea why he went to law school. "I don't know why the devil I did it," he once told a friend. "I think an abstract artist is of more value to the community than a lawyer." Gallatin's father died when his son was nineteen, leaving him financially independent. Gallatin's chief interests for the next ten or fifteen years were society, travel, and automobiles.

In 1907, when motoring was still a pioneering sport, he managed to combine all three interests by founding and becoming president of the Motor-Car Touring Society, an association of gentlemen automobile owners whose original membership of fourteen, later almost doubled, included Percy R. Pyne II, Orme Wilson, Jr., Marshall R. Kernochan, and Stuyvesant Fish, Jr. Gallatin bought his first car, a $750 Oldsmobile with a cork-lined tiller instead of a steering wheel, in 1902, and by 1907 was the enthusiastic possessor of four machines. The Motor-Car Touring Society's excursions to Tuxedo Park, Belmont Park, Lenox, and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's house at Garrison soon became a topic of upper-class dinner conversation, along with court tennis, the panic of 1907, and the weather. Within a year or two, Gallatin, heavily goggled, leather-jacketed, accompanied by a mechanic, and generally at the helm of a $6,000 special-body Fiat, was a familiar figure in the more fashionable provinces, blazing new trails and scaring horses and cattle.

During his motoring period, Gallatin was a conscientious diner-out and operagoer, and was widely regarded as one of the most eligible bachelors in town. Gallatin was also a lavish host. As president of the country's most impressive automobile club, he gave large balls at Sherry's and the Ritz, at which the principal orchestral motif was the sound of motor horns, engine trouble, and exploding tires. By 1914 the cluttered condition of the roads caused the Society to do less motoring and more dining. When the war began, these activities practically ceased, and the Society's last dinner, a nostalgic affair even then, was held at the Union Club in 1919, Gal-



"A round trip and a one-way to Ausable Chasm."

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latin presiding. Gallatin hasn't had a car for twenty years, and he generally says "Easy there" when he takes a taxi, but he still lists himself as president of the Motor-Car Touring Society in *Who's Who*. Last month he published, at his own expense, a hundred and twenty-five copies of a chronicle of its activities, which he sent around to friends.

Although Gallatin went up in a plane for the first time last November, he has approved of the idea of flying for over thirty years. He was a charter member of the Aero Club of America, which was founded in 1907, and acted as an official at the first aeronautical meeting held in this country, in 1910, at Belmont Park, from which point a number of aviators raced to the Statue of Liberty and back. Gallatin wore a big red satin badge and kept people from walking into the propellers. Around this time, he took a temperate interest in art and got together a collection of Whistler and Aubrey Beardsley. He contributed articles to art magazines, and in 1910 wrote a book called "Modern Art at Venice and Other Notes," in which traces of his future iconoclasm appeared. He referred to "the atrocities of the Royal Academy" and to a theory he had that Sargent's portraits "usually give the impression that his sitters have been skinned alive."

Gallatin's activities during the war were a nice mixture of the martial and the aesthetic. As chairman of the Committee on Arts and Decoration of Mayor Mitchel's Committee on National Defence, and as chairman of the Committee on Exhibitions and Pictorial Publicity of the United States Government Committee on Public Information, he helped supervise the production of posters calculated to stir up interest in recruiting, war relief, coal-saving, the Red Cross, and Liberty Bonds. He also served as aide to the section commander of the Naval Reserve at Bar Harbor, and in this position saw to it that coast-patrol boats watching over lighthouses and Coast Guard stations in the vicinity received fuel and supplies and that their crews got paid. Another purpose of these boats, many of which were converted yachts, was to prevent German submarines from establishing a base on the Maine coast; Gallatin, who had the rank of ensign, was sent along on many of their trips and presented the fleet with several dories.

Gallatin's habit of talking in a low voice has led to a number of misconceptions about him. For example, quite a few abstract artists and Union Club members, having heard him mumble something about the Swiss Navy, are under the impression that Gallatin is a Swiss naval officer. Actually, he is *not*. His family were for several hundred years the leading clan in Geneva, and the flagship of a fleet of Swiss gunboats plying the lake between the Swiss and French shores in search of smugglers is called the Gallatin. Gallatin has expressed a hope that he might be placed in command of this ship, but nothing has come of it. According to Gallatin, a Swiss citizenship is hereditary. Gallatin consequently regards himself as a Swiss as well as an American citizen.

GALLATIN'S taste in art began to mature in the early twenties. He started going, every spring, to Paris, where he soon met most of the painters whose work his museum now contains. He visited them in their studios and their homes, and began buying examples of their work, often direct from the artists. In 1927 he proposed to New York University that it install a gallery of vanguard art. Gallatin offered to supply the paintings himself. His fellow-trustees of the university felt there could be no particular harm in this, and in December of that year the Gallatin collection, then known as the Gallery of Living Art, opened on Washington Square with examples of such moderns as Matisse, Cezanne, Picasso, Braque, and Léger. The word "museum" depresses Gallatin, but he later renamed the Gallery the Museum because "gallery" in this country, at least, makes people think of dealers and caused early visitors to the collection to ask the prices of paintings. Gallatin likes to eavesdrop around the Museum, and has overheard people remark that the pictures were excellent when you consider they were all done by N.Y.U. students, or that Mr. Gallatin must be a busy man to paint so many pictures.

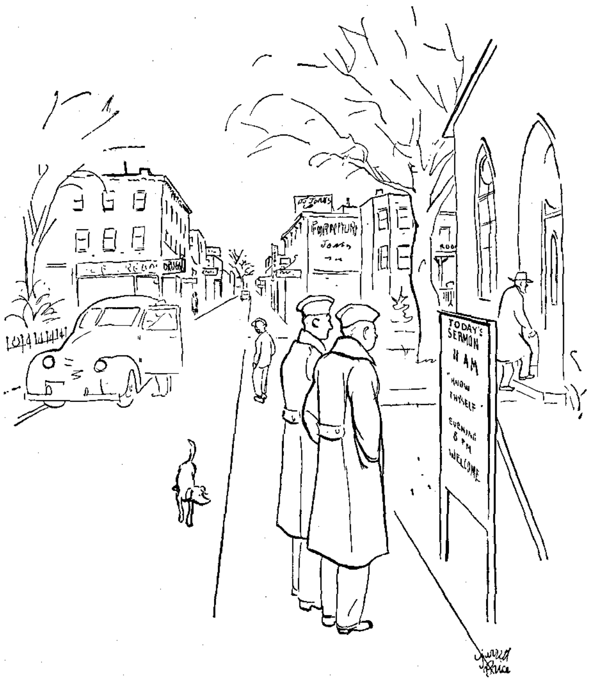
As Gallatin's interest in abstract art increased, his interest in the Stuyvesant Fish set waned. He attended the opera less and less and spent more and more time with painters here and abroad. Two of his closest friends in town, both of whom are represented in his museum, are Shaw and Morris, the only abstract painters in the Racquet Club. Morris owns the only dog ever to be listed in the *Social Register*; his wife, Susie Frelinghuysen, is one of the only two women abstractionists in the Gallatin collection. Gallatin, who does not care for personal publicity, likes to keep his museum before the public eye. He frequently writes about it for art magazines, and is distressed at a habit editors have of trimming his articles. He was particularly put out in 1929 when *Creative Art* ran a truncated article of his on the Museum and filled out the last column of the page it occupied with a notice of an International Nickel Company competition for original designs for kitchen sinks. The fact that Gallatin happened to be a rather large holder of International Nickel stock failed to mollify him, and he refers to the matter indignantly from time to time.

The troubles abroad caused Gallatin to spend the last two summers in Lenox, but for the twenty years before that he made Paris his headquarters for six months out of the twelve and got to know the leading European painters better than any other American collector. He is an entertaining and easygoing companion, and was well liked by the artists. Gallatin has never had much use for the country, and in Lenox he avoids looking at trees, grass, and mountains as much as possible; he misses the urban charm of Paris. His intimacy there with painters has made him realize that talk of artists starving in garrets is nonsense. "I've investigated that," he says. "It's a rare occurrence." Most of the painters Gallatin knows and collects earn a fair living; a few, like Picasso and Matisse, became rich. Picasso, who has long had a reputation of being more difficult to see than the Pope, has never been out to Gallatin. One morning several years ago, Gallatin walked up two flights of stairs in a house on the Left Bank where Picasso had acquired a new studio and banged at the painter's door. Receiving no reply, he was walking across the courtyard toward the street when he heard a loud, commanding hiss. He looked up and saw Picasso at the window, beckoning. Picasso explained that his system was to wait until callers were walking away across the courtyard, where he could see them, and then, if he wanted to, to get them to return. Gallatin has twenty-two Picassos in his museum, including one bronze and the only self-portrait of Picasso in existence.

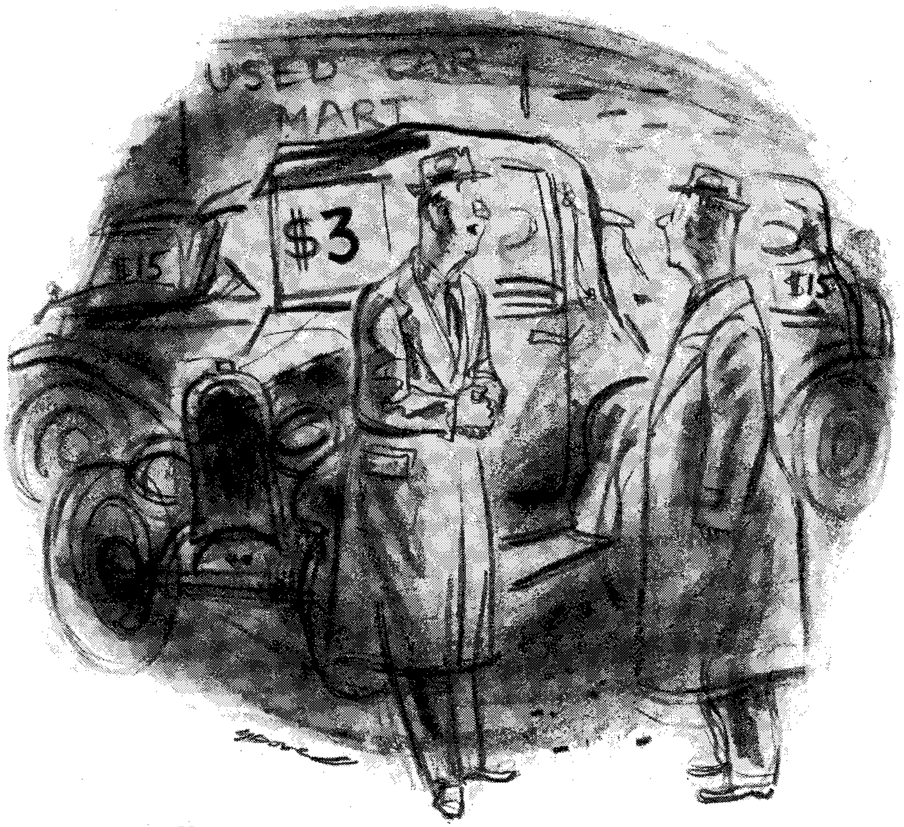
One reason Gallatin got along with French painters was that many of them shared his dislike of the country. Mondrian, an artist whom Gallatin particularly favored, once told him that he spent one day a year in the country, for hygiene. Mondrian is over here now, and he lunched with Gallatin the other day at the latter's apartment on Park Avenue. He looked out of the window and noted with disgust the greenery and bushes in the middle of Park Avenue. "How can you live in such a rural place?" he asked. Shortly after the Gallery of Living Art was founded, Robert Delaunay, a French painter who does not mind the country, got up a picnic in Gallatin's honor on a piece of land he owned north of Paris. Twenty or more painters turned up, including Torres-García, a Constructivist who hadn't been out of his studio for two years. As everyone was about to drink to the success of the Gallatin museum, Torres-García fainted. Gallatin brought him to by throwing champagne in his face. Torres-García explained that the fresh air and sunlight had caused him to lose consciousness. He drank to Gallatin's success rather quickly and went back to his studio, where he closed all the windows and took a few deep breaths. Gallatin has learned to expect odd behavior from abstract artists, whom he regards as the salt of the earth. "They are awfully nice men," he said recently, "the nicest people I've ever known."

ALTHOUGH Gallatin does not lead the active social life he once did, he keeps up with friends of his early automobiling days by stopping in daily at the Union Club when in town; he was lunching there Thanksgiving Day in 1920 when an Irish delegation from St. Patrick's Cathedral, across the street from the old clubhouse, tried to storm the doors to tear down a British flag which the Union Club was flying in commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. Gallatin stood at the doorway, shoulder to shoulder with his fellow-members, and, braving a shower of stones, helped eject several Eireophiles. He is an advocate of Anglo-American friendship and an active member of an association called the Pilgrims, whose chief purpose is to further this.

In the summer of 1914, Gallatin went to England as representative of an American committee, headed by the late Joseph H. Choate, which had been formed to help celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Treaty of Ghent. This treaty, which concluded the War of 1812, had been signed by Gallatin's great-grandfather. Gallatin was received by the burgomaster of Ghent, who wore full medieval regalia for the occasion. Gallatin wore a simple sack suit. The outbreak of the war caused the main celebration to be called off. Gallatin's affection for England was intensified in 1936, when, during an exhibit of his work in London, the gallery hired a sandwich man to walk up and down Piccadilly with a sign reading, "Paintings by A. E. Gallatin." Gallatin followed the man for quite a while, admiringly.



Gallatin, contrary to the opinion of people who think he is aesthetically narrow-



"Well, why not pay a dollar down and the rest in easy installments?"

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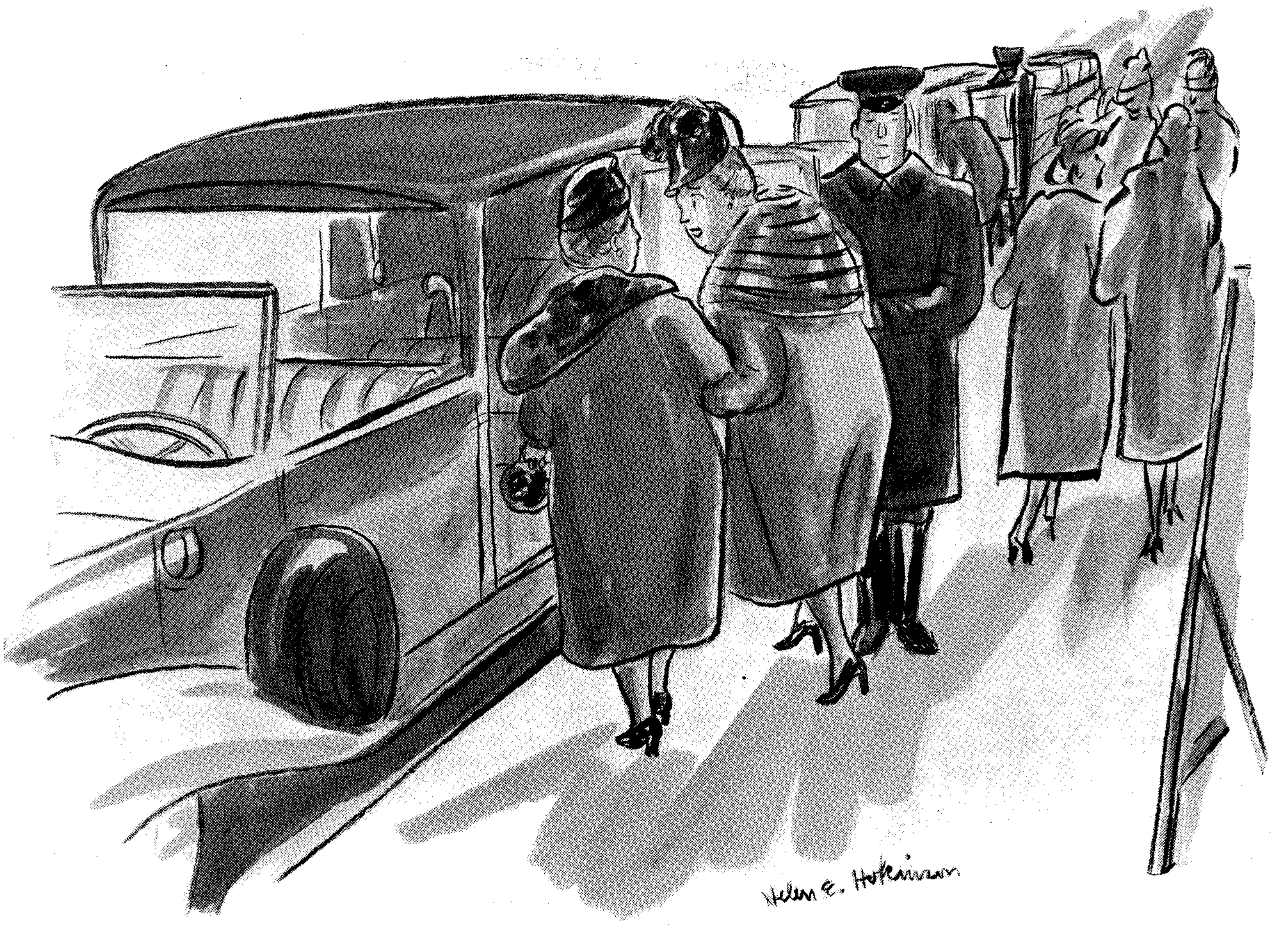
minded, has a great fondness for many aspects of ancient art. He particularly likes Byzantine, Chinese, and archaic Greek paintings and sculpture, the homely American portrait paintings of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, El Greco, Uccello, and della Francesca. Among items he has picked up in his travels are a stylized carved Egyptian fish and a Byzantine painting of a head which, he points out, resemble respectively the work of Brancusi and Matisse. His apartment is full of French eighteenth-century furniture, and the walls of his living room are hung with family portraits and copies of family portraits, done for him by Jacques Mauny, a contemporary French painter. The originals of these are mostly in Geneva, where several members of the family still live; Gallatin bought antique frames for his projected copies and then had Mauny, working from photographs, paint to fit the frames. Mauny's copies include portraits of André Gallatin, who was Seigneur Syndic of Geneva—a rank corresponding roughly to king—in the early eighteenth century; Baron Gaspard Gabriel de Gallatin, who fought at Yorktown; and Mme. Abraham de Gallatin, a Geneva forebear who was a neighbor and close friend of Voltaire. Gallatin owns a small statue of Voltaire which the great philosopher gave to her, and he believes this family friendship with Voltaire has something to do with his fondness for the French. Gallatin is a collateral descendant of Louis XVI's Minister of Finance, Necker, whose grandmother was a Gallatin; of Necker's daughter, Mme. de Stael; and of Jacques Cœur, the great fifteenth-century banker who managed the finances of Charles VII of France. He is a remote cousin of the King of Italy, and occasionally brings this up as a sort of conversational oddity. When Gallatin is with someone he knows rather well, he may mention that he is descended from Vicomte Jean de Gallatin, a sixteenth-century apostolic judge whom Pope Leo X empowered to legitimatize a hundred and fifty bastards.

Gallatin's ancestry has brightened his life in a number of ways. Although six other male adult Gallatins are listed in the *Social Register*—three of them named Albert—Gallatin, as head of the family, has his visiting cards engraved simply "Mr. Gallatin;" however, he is reconciled to the fact that being head of a family, even the Gallatin family, doesn't mean very much to most people and that his relatives don't bow and scrape to him. He is a little sorry that the Bourse Gallatin, a family trust established in France in 1699 and drawn upon for two hundred years by members of the family who needed money, has been liquidated, and he was delighted last winter, when he was in New Orleans, at being interviewed by the press simply because that city's Gallatin Street, once reputed to be the wickedest street in the world, had been named after his great-grandfather. The Gallatins lived in Savoy before they moved to Switzerland, and Gallatin once visited a monastery in Thônes, formerly the home of his family. A priest plied him with homemade liqueurs and told Gallatin that, as descendant of the Comtes de Gallatin, he was really the owner of the chapel, which was badly in need of a new roof. Gallatin offered to have it fixed, and the priest then informed him that other parts of the monastery were also in shocking condition. Gallatin pleaded an engagement with an abstract painter and left at once.

THE daily routine Gallatin follows is more or less fixed. He gets up at six-thirty, and after breakfast paints for a couple of hours in a studio in his apartment. Around ten he takes a short walk along Park Avenue, sometimes stopping in at the Union Club. He then goes home and paints another two hours or so before lunch, which he frequently takes with some abstract painter. Afternoons he devotes to walking, matinées, or visiting art galleries and auction rooms. His conservative appearance sometimes gives strangers a wrong idea about him. One day, as he was gazing scornfully at a Childe Hassam in an exhibition, a stranger came up to him and asked him whether he liked it. "No," said Gallatin. "Ah, too advanced for you, I daresay," the man said.

He knows the proper prices of modern paintings better than most dealers, whom he regards as bandits, and is an able bargainer. On one occasion, offered a Picasso by a Paris dealer, he proved it was a Marcoussis. Once or twice a week he visits the Museum of Living Art to add a new picture, remove an old one, or simply check up on things. Evenings, Gallatin may dine with friends, attend a dinner party, or write. Weekends, he is sometimes visited by a spaniel called Pan, which belongs to a niece of his. He likes dogs, but the responsibility of having a full-time pet is not one he cares to assume. He has written books on Vermeer, Mauny, Demuth, Sloan, and Lachaise, and has just finished one on Braque. These have been issued mostly in limited editions of a few hundred copies. Gallatin sleeps in a bed which belonged to Napoleon's brother Joseph before he became King



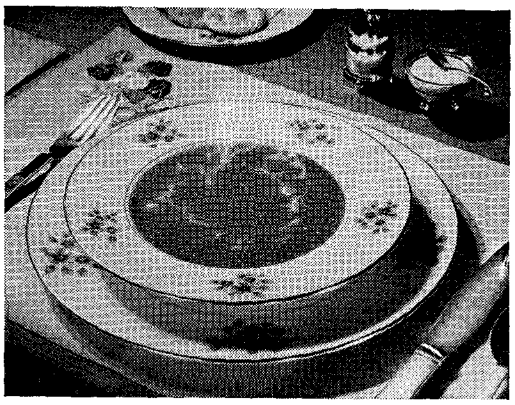
"I'm simply starved, aren't you? Bach always does that to me."

AFTER two hours spent in the heady company of the master, who can blame the girls if the pangs of hunger gnaw—if, by your leave, food for thought subtly turns to thought for food?

So let us bid Jacques whisk them home with all haste, where a tasty meal awaits. It will of course include a fine hot soup to warm and cheer. And if the choice fall on Campbell's Mock Turtle Soup, why, they'll both enjoy a very pleasant adventure, besides!

Here, as Campbell's chefs interpret it, is a smooth, rich, delectable blend of tender pieces of meat, invigorating beef broth, tomato purée, snowy celery, fragrant herbs and—for flavor and the sheer naughtiness of it—a dash of fine sherry!

Have *you* tried this delightful soup—Campbell's Mock Turtle? Serve it soon and see if it doesn't draw encores.



Campbell's

MOCK TURTLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Theatre Guild *and* Gilbert Miller *present*
HELEN HAYES
MAURICE EVANS
in William Shakespeare's comedy
TWELFTH NIGHT
ST. JAMES Thea. W. 44th St., Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

Alfred de Liagre, Jr., invites you to meet
"Mr. and Mrs. North"

PEGGY CONKLIN
ALBERT HACKETT
A New Comedy by Owen Davis
from the Stories by Frances & Richard Lockridge
BELASCO Theatre, West 44th St. BRy 9-2067
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
JANE COWL
A New Comedy by
JOHN VAN DRUTEN
"Old Acquaintance"
PEGGY WOOD
with KENT SMITH
Directed by AURIOL LEE
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45th St. CI 6-6230. Evgs. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46 St. Eves. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

GEORGE ABBOTT *presents*
A New Musical Comedy
PAL JOEY
Book by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS *and* HART SONGS
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:30
BARRYMORE THEATRE, WEST 47th STREET

"By all means go and see it"
—*Whipple, World Tele.*
Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE *in*
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St., W. of B'way. PE 6-8220
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
3rd YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

"The most absorbing American drama of the season"—*ATKINSON, N. Y. Times*
FLIGHT TO THE WEST
ELMER RICE'S
Newest Play
with Betty Field, Arnold Moss
Paul Hernried—Hugh Marlowe
GUILD Thea., W. 52 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

of Naples. Joseph, who used the bed in a French château he owned at Bordentown, New Jersey, held an auction before he left for Naples, and Gallatin's paternal grandfather bid it in. The bed is unusually narrow and hard, but Gallatin is satisfied with it. "I am told no servant would sleep in it," he says, "but I don't mind being a bit on the Spartan side."

Gallatin finds his greatest relaxation in the practice of magic. He has picked up quite a few tricks, involving coins, goblets, and false-bottom boxes, by pressing ten-dollar bills on professional magicians in summer hotels, and he enjoys performing before small groups of friends. He is not a very good magician and is inclined to be deferential in the presence of more accomplished wizards. His diffidence is in striking contrast to his inflexibility in his chosen field, art. He often takes painters and museum directors and officials to the Museum of Living Art, where he tests their taste and knowledge by inviting their opinions of a picture. If their replies are unsatisfactory, Gallatin concludes the tour as abruptly as is compatible with decency. Although he has not yet succeeded in giving his quiz to George Blumenthal, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, he has flunked out a good many other important people. He thinks that it is as silly to encourage a mediocre painter as it is to encourage a mediocre dentist. The trouble with most museums, he says, is that, unlike his, they jumble up the good, the bad, and the indifferent. "They are like a symphony orchestra with every man playing a different tune," he observes. "I like a symphony orchestra, provided every man is playing the same piece and playing it well."

Gallatin's idea of a really terrible museum is the Huntington Collection in Pasadena. When he contemplates this assemblage of eighteenth-century British portrait painters, whose work he considers soft, shallow, and saccharine, his affection for England temporarily deserts him. "One of the most shocking things that ever happened to America. It will do harm to our entire culture," he says. "The English say we're stripping them of their treasures. Ha!"

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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Tomorrow will be cloudy and warmer, probably ending in rain or cloudy, rain or snow, clear, cloudy, rain or snow, clear, etc.—*Newark News.*

Well, it'll be another day, anyway.

CENTER THEATRE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
AMERICA'S FIRST ICE THEATRE
"A PRODUCTION OF MODERN ENCHANTMENTS"—*ATKINSON, TIMES*
"IT HAPPENS ON ICE"

A MUSICAL ICETRAVAGANZA
with 100 world-renowned skating stars
and JOE COOK
Evenings Including Sunday, $1.10 to $2.75. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, $1.10 to $2.20. No Monday Performance. Unreserved 75c seats on sale each performance when doors open.

IF IT'S A B. G. DE SYLVA MUSICAL
IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!
"A ROARING MUSICAL." *Atkinson, Times*
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway. Circle 6-6075
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
"A PERFECT MUSICAL." *Walter Winchell*
WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs
Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"A PERFECT COMEDY"—*ATKINSON, Times*
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

"HOLLYWOOD THEATRE ALLIANCE presents"

Meet the People
Musical Revue
MANSFIELD Thea., W. 47th St. CI. 5-5357
Eves. incl. Sun. at 8:30, 55c to $3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ED WYNN
in HIS NEW MUSICAL
BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER
THE DE MARCOS
JANE PICKENS
DAVE APOLLON
BROADHURST Thea., W. 44 St. CI 6-6699. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40—$1.10 to $2.75

"ONE OF THE MOST CHEERFUL EVENINGS ON BROADWAY."—*Whipple. World-Telegram*
Albert Lewis & Vinton Freedley present
ETHEL WATERS *in the* NEW MUSICAL HIT
CABIN IN THE SKY
by Lynn Root, John Latouche, Vernon Duke
with TODD DUNCAN REX INGRAM
KATHERINE DUNHAM and Her Dancers
Eves. $1.10-$3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $1.10-$2.75
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. W. of 8 Ave.

"Unmistakably a Hit"
—*Life Magazine*
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

See page 34 for
Additional Theatre Advertising

THE THEATRE

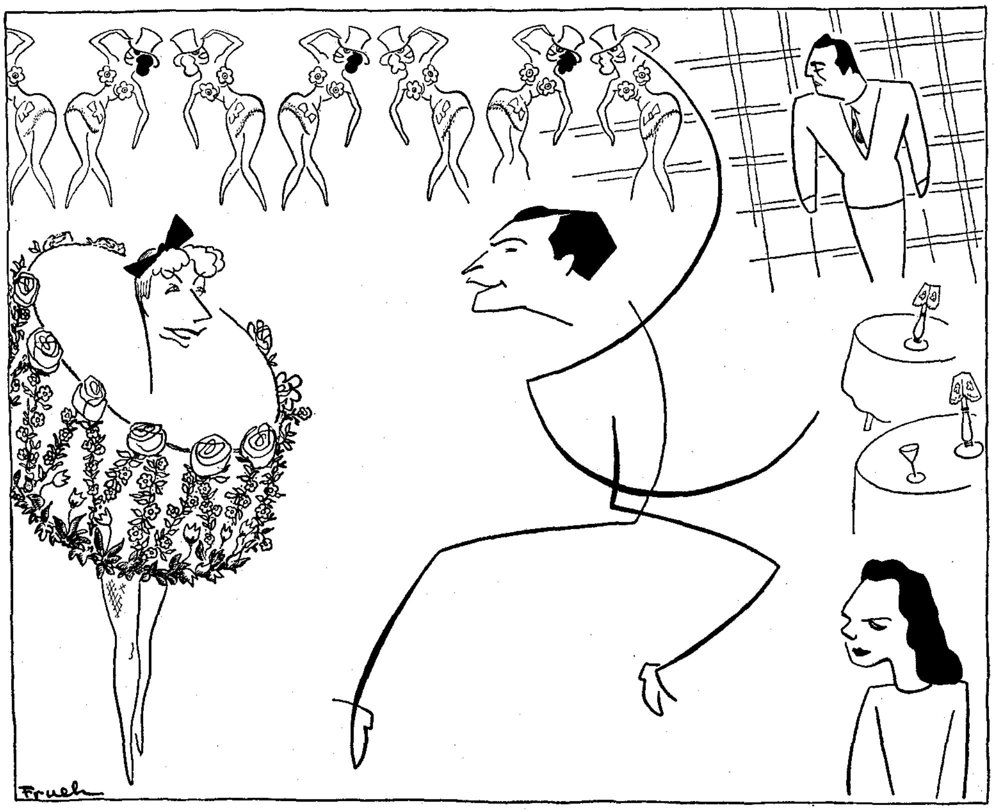
FLATBUSH IDYLL

THE two little old ladies from Brooklyn were as batty as the Borden sisters, and their descendants weren't much better off. One nephew was a homicidal maniac, with victims scattered from here to Singapore; another imagined he was Theodore Roosevelt, with all that implies; the third was a dramatic critic. Out of these materials, Joseph Kesselring, abetted by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, has created one of the best comedy melodramas you ever saw. To appreciate the special quality of "Arsenic and Old Lace," at the Fulton, you probably ought to have a couple of aunts of a charitable and fluttery disposition who nevertheless have poisoned twelve men and buried them in the cellar. Since it is more or less unlikely that you are related to any such girls as these, I can only say that Abby and Martha Brewster have the kindest dispositions in the world and brew their arsenic-and-elderberry cocktails only for gentlemen who have passed their prime and seem destined for a lonely and vacant old age. At one point, indeed, Abby pauses to remark that one subject, sipping his last drink this side of paradise, had commented very favorably on its flavor. "It's delicious," he said, and expired merrily.

Nothing, perhaps, would come of all these rather bizarre cocktail parties if it weren't for the appearance of a nephew, with his face whimsically lowered by his physician to resemble Boris Karloff's, who announces that he, too, has bumped off his even dozen. The ladies, after all, have their professional pride and this is not a challenge to be taken lying down. "Jonathan always *was* a mean boy," says Abby petulantly. "Couldn't bear to see anybody get ahead of him." So it is that one Mr. Witherspoon, the innocent proprietor of a bughouse, sips his hemlock and goes to join the other gentlemen in the cellar, giving the ladies the victory by the close score of thirteen to twelve.

These cheerful goings-on (when you have four lunatics and some twenty-five corpses, you are a long way past the boundaries of the gruesome) are supplemented by occasional bugle calls from Theodore Roosevelt, the entrance and exit of a Brooklyn police force which does a lot to explain how Murder, Inc., got along as well as it did, and a love affair considerably less bothersome than most. If I wished to complain, which I don't, I might say that a dramatic critic, or even a composite of several dramatic critics, is hardly a suitable romantic lead for any play, and also that the trade secrets of this glum profession are apt to seem either dull or incomprehensible to the average audience. However, "Arsenic and Old Lace" could easily survive worse handicaps. There could even be a character in it supposed to represent Dorothy Thompson, and I would still think it was wonderful.

Boris Karloff (in person) is theoretically the star of the evening, and does very well, too, but Josephine Hull, as the odder of the Brewster sisters, is my girl. Miss Hull does so many remarkable things that it is hard to say when she pleases me most, though it may be when she murmurs vaguely "Now, who can *that* be?" on being confronted with an unexpected stiff in the window box. Jean Adair, as her sister and the one usually responsible for blending wine, arsenic, strychnine, and cyanide into one appetizing whole, is also very charming, and so is John Alexander, who not only behaves like the hero of San Juan Hill but looks like him as well. Allyn Joslyn, combining some of the more picturesque qualities of Mr. Watts, Mr. Atkinson, and Mr. Nathan, coöperates with Helen Brooks on the love story, and there are useful bits by Edgar Stehli and Anthony Ross. Raymond Sovey, who did the set, seems to know exactly what a Brooklyn house looks like on the inside, God help him.



"PAL JOEY"

The two mice hemming in Gene Kelly are June Havoc, the one in the flower bed, and Vivienne Segal. Jack Durant, up in the corner, is probably meditating a little blackmail. The O'Hara-Rodgers-Hart musical comedy is at the Ethel Barrymore.

THE technique employed by the authors of "Eight O'Clock Tuesday" may easily, I should say, lead to a certain amount of confusion among those not too nimble in the

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head. The play at the Henry Miller consists largely of a series of flashbacks—legitimate enough in this form of entertainment—in which the various suspects act out their own versions of the murder of Ivan Godden, a man somewhat on the caddish side. The catch, however, is that these reënactments occupy only a portion of the stage and occur simultaneously in the past and present, if by any chance I am clear. Thus, you will see Miss Pauline Lord stop in the middle of a conversation with her dead brother to explain something or other to the detective who, of course, arrived on the scene only after the wretched man was cold on his own library rug. An additional complication is provided by the fact that while Miss Lord can address both the corpse and the policeman, neither of these two may speak to the other or even acknowledge his presence on the stage. I suppose this is all very ingenious and doubtless perfectly clear to the persistent whodunit fan, but it was moderately hard going for me. There were times, indeed, when all the characters, speaking from their separate pools of light and on their various levels of time, gave me only an odd feeling of listening to some sort of double talk in the fourth dimension.

Miss Lord, who can convey practically any emotion you care to name simply by raising an eyebrow, dominates the suspects, who include Celeste Holm, Cecil Humphreys, Margaret Douglass, and Philip Tonge. Bramwell Fletcher is an impressive sleuth, though speaking rather more with the accent of Sherlock Holmes than the New York police force, and McKay Morris, shuffling briskly back and forth between the quick and the dead, makes it easy to understand why almost everybody in the cast might have dismantled him without giving the matter a second thought.

"NIGHT OF LOVE," which vanished from the Hudson after seven performances, brought up the familiar but dubious theory that nothing improves an artist's technique as much as a good romp in the bedroom. Since its original appearance here in 1930 as a comedy called "Tonight or Never," this piece of work had picked up a semi-operatic score by Robert Stolz and a cast of semi-operatic singers, most of whose voices seemed a little too big for the auditorium. It still remained, however, a minor theatrical cliché, and I'm afraid it got just about what it deserved. Among the principal sufferers were Helen Gleason, John Lodge, and Marguerite Namara.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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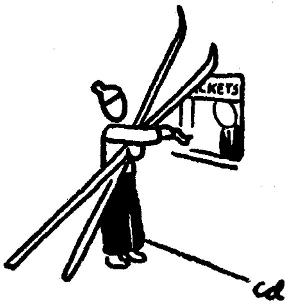
OUT OF TOWN

North of Boston and North of Montreal

WHAT with the skiing season beginning a little earlier and ending a little later every year, the old Christmas-to-Washington's-Birthday idea of the sport definitely is no more; you ski from early December to practically May, and like it. It's because of the initiative of the boys up north, who keep installing a new tow or lifting device every other minute and so make you feel obliged to step out and investigate, instead of spending the weekend at home with a book. Two of New England's latest lifts are really worth attention, for they'll get you above the spring thawing line in a part of the country where snow conditions have not always lived up to visitors' expectations. One, a thousand-footer, takes you up the last lap of Cannon Mountain, at Franconia, New Hampshire; the other, at Stowe, Vermont, runs six thousand feet up the side of Mount Mansfield, from the base right to the peak.



Hubert von Pantz, who used to own a ski *Schloss* in Austria which Princess Juliana liked, experimented last year with a small establishment in Franconia. He must have done all right, because this season he is back in the same community and has rented the annex of that summertime veteran, the Sunset Hill Hotel on Sugar Hill, where he can take care of four times as many people—sixty instead of fifteen. Since the nearby Peckett's is closed again this winter, Pantz's place, which he calls Franconia Lodge, should come in handy. Pantz has fitted out his ex-summer hotel with central heating, a Swiss manager, and a bar, which I, as one who relishes hot buttered rum and plenty of talk after a day in the cold, used to miss something cruel at Peckett's. Moreover, Pantz means to make the Lodge very prewar European, with such frills as buffet lunches, accordion music, and a valet to keep the crease in your ski pants.

There's a convenient practice slope for beginners (God preserve them!), and experts are driven the few miles to the Cannon Mountain aerial tram, which carries them up the first three thousand feet and connects with the lift I spoke of. When last I heard, the finishing touches were being put on this lift, and if it isn't in operation already, it probably will be by the time you get there. Pantz has cleared a second practice slope on land near the end of the Cannon Mountain trail, where he hopes to build an inn of his own next year. It's also near the end of the Taft racing trail, which has been improved by widening its turns. Franconia Lodge has a ski school, by the way, in charge of Louis Hechtenberger, who has a Tyrolian reputation with Andes embellishments.

As for the practically endless Mount Mansfield lift at Stowe, you can reach it in two and a half hours from LaGuardia Field, using Canadian Colonial Airways' big Douglases, which, by the way, now run on up past Montreal to St. Jovite. These let you off at Burlington, where you hire a car to get the rest of the way to Stowe. A number of the experts are gloomily predicting that the new lift will clog what few trails there are on the top of Mount Mansfield with enthusiastic amateurs, but you'll have to risk that until someone gets around to cutting more. The Lodge, at the foot of the mountain, is one of those New England summer hotels in prim winter dress, and is the most convenient place to stay unless you can take a lot of taxiing in your stride.

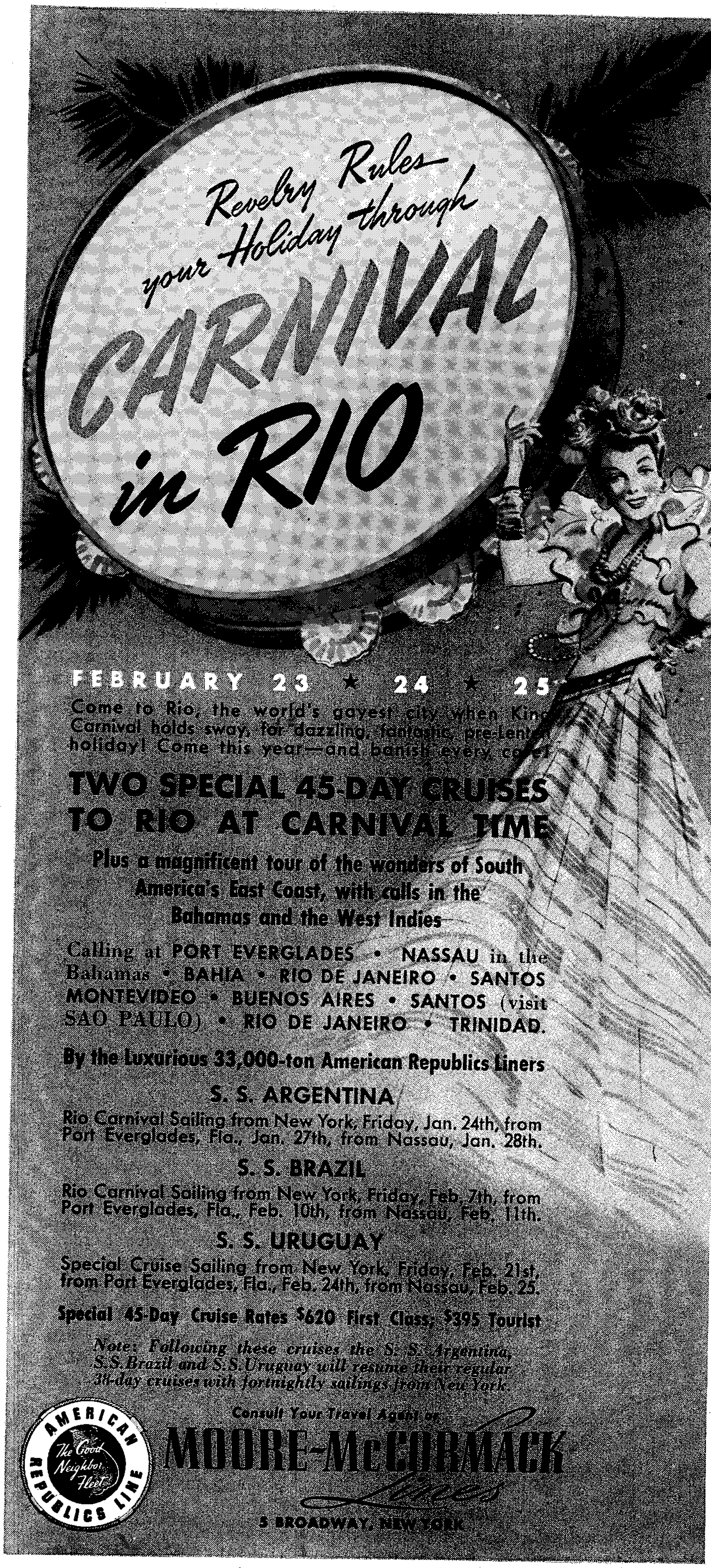
OVER on the eastern side of the White Mountain Range, the big treat, as you're no doubt aware, is the Cranmore Mountain skimobile, at North Conway, New Hampshire. I've found that men, especially, like this contraption. They get a sense of high adventure out of being hauled up the board track in the little rubber-tired cars, for all the world as if they were on their way to some exotic chute-the-chutes; they don't even mind having to take their skis off and hold them. Their womenfolk are more likely to be attracted by the comfort of the Eastern Slope Inn, where the accommodations are pretty grand for ski country—private baths, and an elevator to whisk you up a flight or two to your bedroom. I could wish that the food at the inn weren't quite so much on the tearoomy side, but I'm grateful for the bar, which has always been a nice spot and now, since they've installed one of the bands and the attractive barmaids from the Swiss Pavilion at the Fair, is almost perfect.

If you ever slept in the Sunset, the Eastern Slope's annex, you probably found yourself speculating from time to time which way you would jump if the dear old relic should catch fire. You can relax now; it did—last summer. In its place, there's the handsome new Sunset, a chalet which puts its clients up in traditional ski style. None of those rooms with twin beds you used to find in the annex; just four- and six-bunk rooms with hot and cold running water. There aren't any private baths at all, naturally, but you'll find a tub and shower somewhere down the hall. Oh, yes. Whether you have a bed at the Inn or a bunk at the Sunset, it's important to speak up for a dining-room table when you're making reservations, unless you don't mind being stuck with strangers.

UP near Mont Tremblant, in the Laurentians, north of Montreal, there's the pleasantly yesteryearish Gray Rocks Inn, at St. Jovite, whose manager, Tom Wheeler, has just fitted up the airport with a tractor-pulled roller to keep the snow packed so those Douglases can alight and take off safely. The automobile road from Montreal to St. Jovite is finished at last and they honestly intend to keep it open all winter, which should be good news to anyone who has ever wasted hours in that poky train on the way up to Tremblant for a go at the famous chair lift. This year the lift is being strung several hundred feet longer and it still bounces you springily over minor abysses, if you call that fun, which everybody does but me.

A fifteen-minute drive from the St. Jovite airport brings you to the Lodge, which Joseph Ryan, a Philadelphia sportsman, operates in a stylish manner at the foot of the Tremblant lift. People who go there seem about evenly divided between living in the Lodge and taking one of Ryan's cabins in the woods, where they pay only for their accommodations and eat in a cafeteria. There's a good ski school at the Lodge; you can't wear one of its fine badges until you've really earned it.

If you go by train to the Ryan establishment, you'll be whipped from the Lac Mercier station to the Lodge in heated buses or sassy station wagons, and I've nothing against this kind of transportation for a longish ride like that. But it's also nice to stop at one of those French-Canadian towns, such as Ste. Agathe, where there's a native community with a life of its own and where



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you're met at the station by red sleighs with jingling bells and bear robes and drivers who understand neither your English nor your best French. The trails at Ste. Agathe aren't a patch on the ones at Tremblant, and the tows are likely to break down every once in a while, but the open slopes are better and the plainness of the Laurentide Inn, where you may want to put up, is a positive relief to people with simple tastes. Ken Harrison, the host, has a suave way of making you overlook such details as no hot water from time to time and a few uncertainties of service.

To make up for such drawbacks, the food is fine—especially the bread, cheeses, and pastry—and the staff is friendly and unchanging from year to year, which is more than can be said for a lot of places. Everything's very cozy, what with intermittent sleigh bells, a *patisserie* in the village to stop by at for hot chocolate or Bovril on your way home at night, a couple of movie theatres to visit after dinner if you don't throw yourself straight into bed, and those beloved cassocked priests in tall astrakhan hats skiing madly downhill like Halloween witches. —K. C. B.

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*Appellate Division Opinion, Brooklyn, June 10.*]

BY LAZANSKY, P.J.; HAGARTY, CARSWELL, ADEL AND TAYLOR, JJ.

Matter of Bender, judgment-creditor-res, v. Rose Kolber, judgment-debtor, and Moses Kolber, also known as Morris Kolber, judgment-debtor-ap—Order of the Appellate Term reversing orders of the City Court of the City of New York, County of Kings, one of which vacated the stay contained in a third party order in supplementary proceedings so as to permit the judgment debtor to designate a new beneficiary in the place of his deceased wife and the other of which denied the motion of the judgment creditor to direct the judgment debtor to execute and deliver to him a request for the payment of the cash surrender value of a policy of life insurance written on the life of the judgment debtor, to enable the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to pay such cash surrender value over to the judgment creditor, and denying the debtor's motion and granting the creditor's motion modified by striking therefrom the last ordering paragraph and by providing in lieu thereof that the order denying the cross-motion of judgment creditor to direct the debtor to turn over such policy and to execute and deliver a request for the payment of cash surrender value thereof be affirmed, without costs and without prejudice to the institution by the judgment creditor of such further proceedings as he may be advised.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

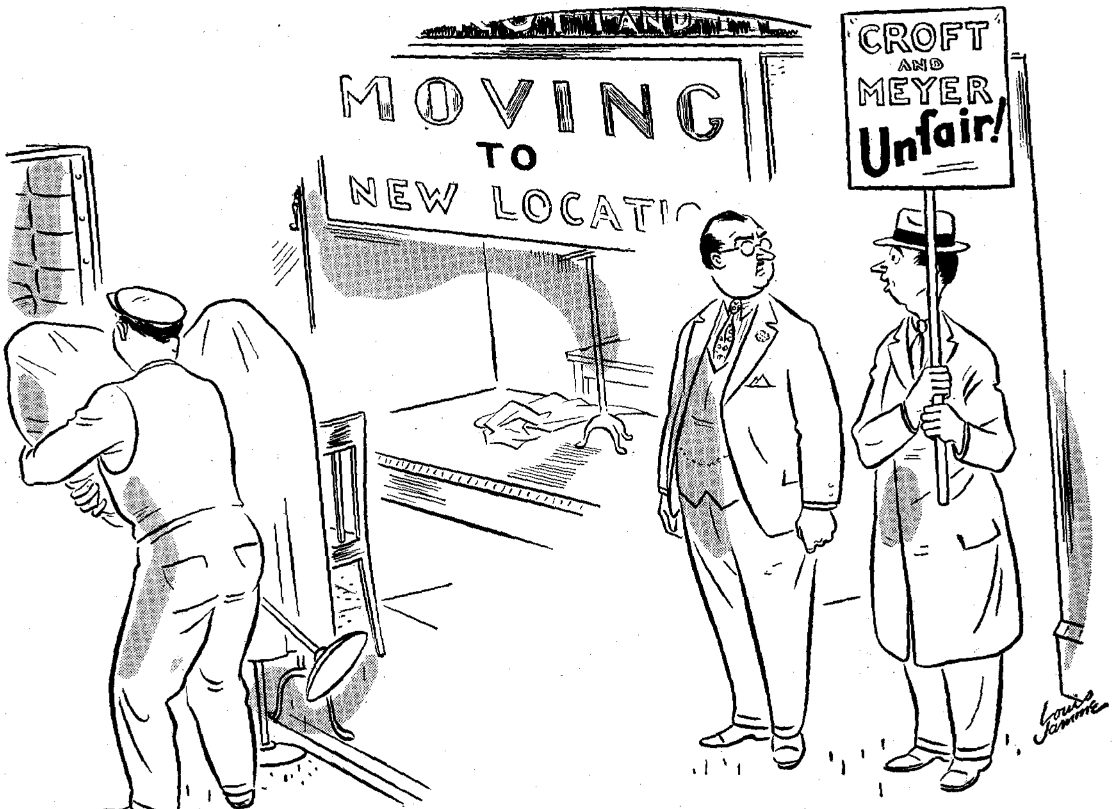
SCHOCKEL, GLUCK, AND HOLLOW ROLL

THE Bird Fanciers Association, a group of men and women who spend as much time as possible with green Yorkshires and pin-tailed whidahs, held its sixth annual show on a recent weekend at the Hotel Lexington. I attended. Mrs. Adolph Hauschildt of Brooklyn won a silver loving cup in the roller-canary division and Mrs. Carmen Ziegenhirt of New York received an electric iron for owning the third best pair of Australian finches. There were many other prizes.

I arrived at the Lexington early on the first afternoon of the two-day show and did not have to ask where the birds were. At the entrance and in the lobby were numerous signs which said, "Bird Show on Mezzanine." The signs were embellished by a drawing of what appeared to be a crow roosting on a twig. On the mezzanine I was informed that the drawing could not possibly be of a crow, since crows are not fancied by the Association. The person who told me so was a stocky woman carrying two cages and walking rapidly down a corridor. "A crow!" she said, when I inquired. "For God's sake!" I learned later that the bird was a stylized myna. The show was being held in the Empire Room and the New England Room, which are joined by a foyer. Selling tickets at a table in the foyer was Mr. Harry Fleischman, who introduced himself as the treasurer of the Association. Mr. Fleischman is a Post Office clerk in Brooklyn. In answer to a question as to how the show was going, he said, "One needs only to look about him." It was true. Men and women of all ages were rushing through the foyer and in and out of the two rooms. Many of them were carrying cages; others had boxes of birdseed, pitchers of water, pine branches, and loving cups. One man carried a piece of cardboard about two feet by five, covered with gauze. "I've got it," he whispered to Mr. Fleischman. "Good," said Mr. Fleischman. The man confided to me, after I promised not to tell anybody present, that what he had was a painting, done by his son, to be unveiled at the show. It was to be a tribute to Mrs. Helen Howard, one of the wheel horses of the organization. He cautiously slipped off the gauze and let me see. The cardboard was painted black, and at the centre was a large red heart, in the middle of which was a yellow canary sitting on a perch. Printed in large red letters were the words "Helen's Heart." "Beautiful sentiment, isn't it?" he said; then he veiled the picture again and skipped out of the room, casting quick glances to the right and left.

"We're really just getting under way," said Mr. Fleischman, talking to me while he sold tickets. A ticket cost twenty-five cents and was good for both days of the show. "The judging's going on, although all of the exhibits aren't quite fixed up yet," he said. A beefy, red-faced man carrying a box, which, it turned out, contained a bird, came up to the table and said, "I wish to pay my dues and enter a pewee." Mr. Fleischman replied, "I'm sorry, Grossbeck, but the time limit for entries has expired. I'll take your dues, though, and be sure to come to the next meeting." The man shrugged good-humoredly, paid his dues, bought a ticket, and went in, taking his pewee with him.

THE Bird Fanciers Association, Mr. Fleischman explained, got its start seven years ago in a small tearoom in Brooklyn. A handful of neighbors who admired caged birds took to dropping in and comparing notes on their hobby. They found much to discuss; one session would be devoted to the nervous condition of Mr. Applegate's bullfinch, and at the next Mrs. Bates would make the interesting announcement that her shafttail was suffering from night sweats. They decided, inevitably, to organize. Good news travels fast in the bird world, and acquaintances in other parts of the New York area soon became interested. Headquarters was established at the Lexington, where the group now assembles on the second Tuesday of every month. Today there are sixty paid-up members, about fifteen of them women. The roster includes Hans Schwarz, the president, who is superintendent of a big apartment house on Park Avenue; Miss Janet De Kay, who works for a Baptist missionary society and possesses a bird that likes to sing while she plays swing music on the piano; and several owners of pet shops,



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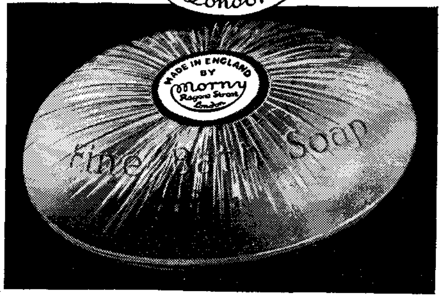

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numerous housewives, two waiters, two night-club chefs, and a chef who is assistant to Oscar of the Waldorf. They attend the meetings devoutly, usually bringing along a bird or two. The most exciting event of their year is the show, which settles a lot of arguments. "We have the finest judges on earth," said Mr. Fleischman. "Each is a genius in his line." The Association's show this year was open to anyone who wanted to enter a bird. The entry fee was twenty-five cents for association members and forty cents for outsiders. Birds of the parrot family were excluded, on account of the unfortunate disease, psittacosis, to which they are peculiarly susceptible. "We didn't want any Typhoid Marys around here," said Mr. Fleischman.

A young lady came up and handed Mr. Fleischman a copy of the *Sun.* "Look at what the man wrote," she said. The *Sun's* bird editor, in a column-long story, had said of the show, "It is the only show of its kind in the East." Mr. Fleischman flicked a feather from his sleeve and said, "Perfectly true. We'll adopt that as a slogan for future shows." I asked him what it was that made the Bird Fanciers show unique, and he replied, "We judge both canaries and wild tropical birds. The other clubs, they just fool around with canaries." There are eight cage-bird clubs in the New York area, I learned. When any one of them prepares for a show, prize lists are sent to the members of the other clubs, so that everybody will have a chance to compete. "We've got eight hundred and thirty-one birds and a hundred exhibitors here—a new record," Mr. Fleischman told me. I said I thought I would have a look at them, and walked toward the Empire Room, where, I understood, only canaries were being shown.

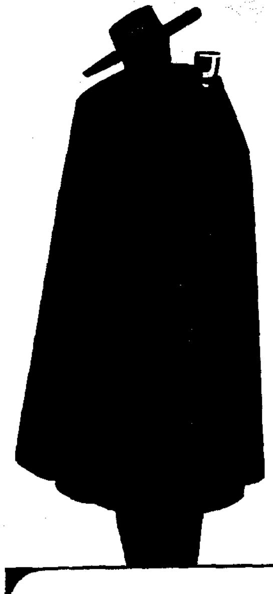
JUST as I was about to enter, a green-and-yellow bird sailed past me into the foyer, there was a shrill feminine yelp, and a middle-aged woman came sprinting along with a cage in her hand. The bird circled the foyer a couple of times, the woman trying to grab it, and then darted into a small office. The woman cried "Ah-ha!" and closed in. She came out presently, carrying the captured bird. I joined the canaries. The Empire Room, large and rectangular, was well packed with people and birds. Running the length of the room were six long tables, each covered with conventional wire bird cages, all of them painted black. Some two hundred fanciers and visitors were strolling up and down the aisles between the tables, peering into the cages and exchanging comments. At one end of the room was a particularly high table, on which were two rows of wooden boxes that looked like miniature medicine cabinets. I learned from a man standing nearby that these housed the temperamental roller canaries, which are able to sing a medley of songs called a "tour" but exercise their gift only when they have nothing better to do. "It helps," said the man, "if they don't see any light until the time comes for the judging. Then they're liable to sing like anything." The other birds were setting up a diversified din, filling the room with trills and tremolos. There was considerable birdseed scattered around on the tables and floor, and in one corner was a small table holding glasses and pitchers of water. "Those for the birds?" I asked a woman. She said no, they were for the fanciers. "They get nervous while the judging's going on." It was then going on at the judges' table, where the candidates were carried by their owners. Three long-faced men stood gazing at a bird in a cage. A bright spotlight was focussed on the cage. The bird, rocking gently on its perch, blinked in the light and looked uneasy. The man in the middle, someone told me, was the head judge. The other two were listening carefully for his comments; when he made one, which was rare, they wrote it down in notebooks. About thirty people were sitting in chairs nearby, watching silently. Now and then, when a noisy conversation started in another part of the room, one of them would emit an angry "Sh-h-h!" Whenever this happened, the head judge would look annoyed. Finally he said "Hmm," his aides made a note in their books, and he bent down and stuck his hand in the cage and felt of the bird's wings. He chucked it under the bill and put his head down close to the cage. Then he straightened up and said something quietly to the two other judges. One of them picked up a red ribbon and tied it to the cage. The bird had won second place in its class.

"What kind is it?" I asked a spectator.

"It's a mule," he said. A mule is the offspring, I found out later, of a male wild bird and a female canary. The wild bird is always a foreign one; it is illegal to cage any of our wild birds, like robins or blue jays, but nobody cares if people cage foreign ones. "I must caution you, though," said my informant, "that it is impossible to obtain a mule from the union of a robin and a canary. A robin has a soft bill and a canary a hard bill. One eats worms and the other eats seeds. They don't mix." I also learned from my friend that the birds were judged on coloring, brilliance of plumage, texture of plumage, brightness of eye, size, proportions, carriage, and deportment in the cage.

THE canaries in the show were classified as Yorkshires, lizards, Norwiches, borders, frills, Scotch fancies, American singers, warblers, and rollers. The rollers were attracting the most attention; the air of mystery given them by their closed wooden cages and the solicitous treatment they received had a strong lure for the curious. A crowd of about fifty had collected in the rollers' area. At a nearby door, which opened into a side room, stood a rotund man with large, prominent eyes. He was obviously a guard. I approached him and said, "I wonder if I could hear some of the rollers sing." He looked thunderstruck. "The rollers," he said, speaking slowly, "are taken one by one into this small room, where Judge Tischer gets the song out of them with the utmost difficulty. Any kind of a disturbance—any kind—might cause them to utter a clinker. No stranger, absolutely no stranger, is permitted to enter." "What do they sing mostly?" I inquired. "They sing the schockel, the gluck, the water roll, the hollow roll, the bass gluck, and the bell," he said. I asked him if he could describe how these sounded. "I'm not a bird," he said. I learned from somebody else that they sound pretty much the way you'd think they would sound. The gluck, for example, simply goes "Gluck, gluck, gluck."

Midway down one aisle I encountered a man who turned out to be Mr. John J. Magee, a claim-adjuster for the Butcher's Mutual Casualty Company. We struck up a conversation. Mr. Magee was standing in front of eighteen green Yorkshires, all of which, he told me, he owned. "Sixteen winners out of the eighteen," he added. Mr. Magee, a stocky, dark-haired young man who looks as much like a football player as a bird fancier, got mixed up with canaries quite by accident. Nine years ago, he was strolling the streets on the eve of Mother's Day, trying to



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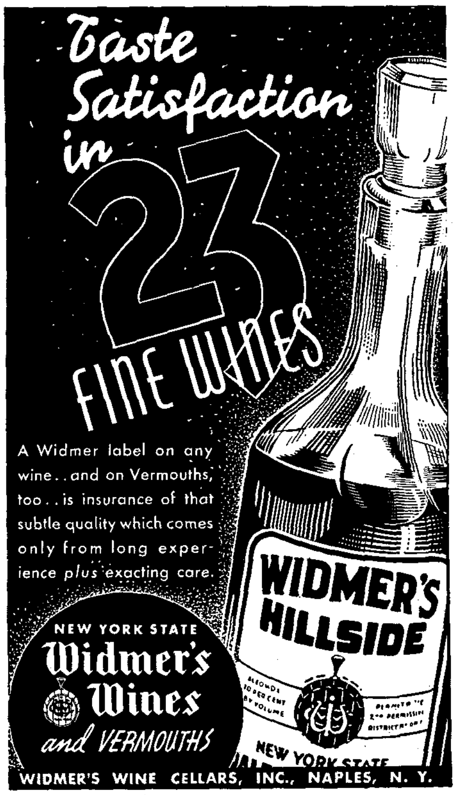

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think up some kind of present for his mother, when he passed a bird store. He walked in, bought a canary, and, while it was being wrapped up, overheard two birdmen talking shop. “They were talking about breeding choppers,” he said. “I was fascinated.” He decided to plunge and import a pair of Yorkshires from England. He has been at it ever since, importing, breeding, raising, selling, and giving Yorkshires away, and he would rather breed Yorkshires than own Bimelech.

Magee said that he now has a hundred and twelve canaries and breeds about eighty a year. His birds sell for from $15 to $35 each. He estimates that he has some $2,000 tied up in canaries. He keeps them in a special room in his home, which is in Jamaica. They are fed every morning and evening and are bathed frequently in lukewarm water. Some birds bathe themselves, but others have to be dipped into their tubs. In extreme cases, owners have been known to give birds showerbaths with an atomizer. In mild weather Magee's birds are placed near a window for a few minutes a day to get some sun. Too much sunlight upsets them; canaries have been known to suffer sunstroke and be laid up for a week. Magee's canaries are never allowed to fly free. He has found that there are too many things that can happen to them. Falling behind pictures or landing on a hot radiator has frightened birds so badly that they never sing again. The molting season, in August and September, is very trying. The birds get nervous and perspire a lot; they have to be fed green vegetables in addition to their regular diet of seeds and be kept rather quiet. “It is better,” said Magee, “for them to molt a lot of feathers than just a few. It's less of a strain.”

MAGEE took me into the New England Room, which was given over to wild birds, most of them tropical, and then hurried back to his Yorkshires. The wild birds were in cages lined up on long tables, in much the same way as the canaries. About a hundred people were in the room. The largest group stood in front of a talking myna that was locally reputed to have a vocabulary of sixty words. “Hello, Roger,” said a cadaverous young man who was acting as interlocutor. “Hello, Roger. Hello, Roger. Hello, Roger.” The bird gulped once or twice, looked around sharply, then sat up straight and said, in a clear, cultured voice, “Nuts.” Everybody cooed and started babbling things like “Nice boy, Roger,” “Roger want a cracker?,” and “How you doing, Roger?” Roger listened to this uproar for nearly a minute, then opened his mouth and said, “Nuts.”

There were also African siskins, Australian finches, European skylarks, South American tanagers, and pin-tailed whidahs from Africa. Their cages, for the most part, were larger and more ornate than those of the canaries. There were two or three elaborate aviaries; one was about five feet high and was full of pine branches and other vegetation to give it an outdoor look. The inhabitant of this magnificence, a finch, was housed in a smaller cage perched among the branches. Magee told me that all kinds of wild birds, up to the beginning of Hitler's folly, had been obtainable in the shops of most bird dealers. Now fewer and fewer birds are coming over and prices have risen considerably. The prices of canaries have gone up, too; formerly, most canaries for sale in bird stores were imported from England or the Continent, but now the market has to depend on domestic birds. I talked to a man named William Roher, who told me that he had just received an interesting communication from a friend of his in England. Roher had written inquiring if there was some way he could pick up a good pair of Lancashire canaries. His friend had replied that things are very tough. He isn't allowed to take his canaries down in the bomb shelters, and he hates to leave them alone in the house during raids. He said that he was unable to ship any Lancashires. “I'd exchange my shirt for a good pair of Lancashires,” said Mr. Roher.

Wandering around the New England Room, I came upon the most valuable bird in the show, a European skylark owned by Mr. John Vaernewyck of New York. Mr. Vaernewyck exhibited his skylark in a cage hung high in one corner of the room, and there was a spotlight shining on it. Asked how much he would take for his skylark, Mr.

Vaernewyck said, "The little fellow's priceless—only one in North America." European skylarks, he went on to say, were the first birds ever to sing in captivity. This skylark was easily the most powerful singer in the house. At short intervals it rent the air with a high, piercing, flutelike cadenza, causing all the other birds to set up a nervous muttering. "That old skylark," I heard one man say, "he's scaring the devil out of my goldfinch, and her pregnant."

AROUND cocktail time an irresponsible-looking young man and woman who had evidently come up from the bar appeared at the entrance of the New England Room and peered in. The man had on a camel's-hair coat and was carrying an old brown hat under one arm. The girl also had on a camel's-hair coat. They looked happy. "Maybe *not* go in," he said, "maybe *not* just now." She kept poking him in the back. She said, "Oh, go on, they're *caged!*" They tiptoed into the room. The girl was giggling. Several people looked up. The couple went down one of the aisles slowly, the girl a few feet behind the young man. Presently he held out a warning hand and stopped.

"What is it?" she said.

"I don't know," he replied. "Approach carefully."

He was standing in front of a myna that seemed to be molting. The bird was huddled dejectedly on its perch and its feathers were sticking out like pins in a pincushion. "Why, he looks positively *wretched!*" said the girl.

The young man bent down to study the bird. "I think the poor creature has a hangover," he said, straightening up. They continued down the aisle and stopped again before a needle-billed troupial. The bird was hopping around excitedly in its cage. "This thing's *alive!*" said the young man. He stuck his hand a little way in the cage and said, "Biddy, Biddy." "I think that's wrong," said the girl. "Isn't it Bossy?" "Cows," replied the young man. "Biddy's for birds. Bossy's for cows." The troupial, meanwhile, had halted its gyrations and now drew back its beak and let drive, nailing the young man in the thumb. He yelled and jumped back, popping his thumb into his mouth. "Oh, Harry, I'm sorry," said the girl. "Never mind," he said, "it's only a flesh wound." At this point a greenfinch that presumably had escaped from its cage came flying by, drumming the air with its wings. "Come on!" the young man shouted. "They're turning them all loose. Let's get out of here!" The two ran

"*Now he wants to Elope with us!*"

1. Our elopement was coming fine until I reached the bottom of the ladder. Then Father charged up, clothed in a nightgown, a shotgun, and a look of rage. "A widow before I'm a bride!" I groaned, as he headed for poor Jim.

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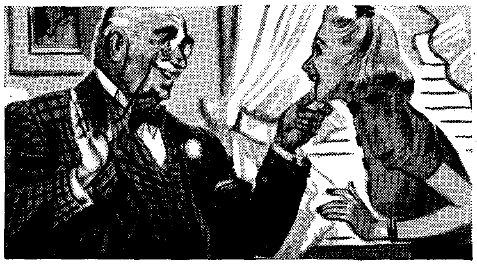
2. "Eloping, eh?" Father bellowed. "Lucky thing I couldn't sleep tonight! Young lady, get back into the house! And you!" He turned on Jim, making warlike motions with the old family shotgun. "Get out!"

3. When Jim phoned next day, I said: "I know what kept Father awake last night. Coffee! He loves coffee, but the caffein won't let him sleep!" "Oh-ho!" says Jim. "That's easily fixed! Give him Sanka Coffee!"

4. At dinner, Father said: "That coffee smells good! I'll risk one cup...even if it *does* keep me awake!" "No risk!" says I. "This is Sanka Coffee...97% caffein-free, and can't keep you awake!" "Bunk!" growls Father.

5. "Oh, but it's true!" I insist. "Jim's doctor told him the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'"



6. Next morning Father chortles: "Slept like a top! Tell Jim I want to talk to your future husband —without the shotgun!" He grins. "We'll plan a *real* wedding!" *P. S.* We may have to elope, anyhow—to keep Father from coming with us!

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out of the room and through the foyer.

"Well, I never!" said a woman near the door. A companion replied that she never had, either.

I decided to go home and come back the next night to see the finish. Mr. Fleischman caught me as I was leaving and said I ought to read through the show catalogue and the latest issue of the *Bird Fanciers Bulletin.* He gave me copies of both, which sell for ten cents apiece, and I looked them over. The catalogue listed the birds entered in the show and the prizes, and contained a good deal of additional information, including the fact that "a canary, or wildbird . . . brings happiness to everyone and no longer is a home complete without one or more of these beautiful feathered pets." The *Bulletin,* monthly organ of the Association, had articles like "The Winning Points of a Goldie," by Wesley D. Truitt, and "Summer with My Birds," by M. Ruth Sayles. In a column called "Can You Tell Me?" there appeared the following lament:

> What is the matter with my canary? He eats well enough but sits puffed up at times and listless. His wings droop at times. I have given him whiskey, but that didn't improve his condition. He doesn't sing. I think he may be lonesome—what do you think about it?

There was no answer; the question was presumably directed to the membership as a whole.

IT was nearly ten o'clock the following night when I returned to the Lexington. Things had quieted down a little. Mr. Fleischman was slumped over his table, absently drawing curlicues on a box of birdseed, and most of the women there were sitting in chairs in the foyer. The men stood around in small groups, discussing the show. The birds looked sleepy. A few were carrying on mild inter-cage flirtations, but mostly they just sat on their perches, rocking. "Helen's Heart," now unveiled, was receiving some admiration. The man who had brought it to the show came up to me and said, "It was awfully touching. She almost cried at being so honored, but everybody said how much she deserved it. Helen does a world of good turns for birds. One of her hobbies is paying unexpected calls on bird stores, looking for cases of cruelty. If she finds any birds being kicked around, she buys them up and gives them a good home."

Soon everyone crowded into the Empire Room for the awarding of the major prizes. The atmosphere brightened perceptibly. President Schwarz, a tall, pleasant, cotton-haired man, stood behind a table on which the prizes were set out, consulted a list, and started announcing the winners. The people applauded each one vigorously. Nearly everybody, it seemed to me, won something. There were a dozen small loving cups, a dozen or so medals, and miscellaneous useful prizes, among which were a serving fork, an electric iron, a fountain pen, several boxes of mockingbird food, a cuttlebone, a miteproof cage cover, a birdbath set, a bottle of Golden Wedding whiskey, a pound of coffee, two breeding cages, five pounds of cod-liver-oil food, and a package of lovebird seed. After the last prize-winner had been announced and the meeting adjourned, a newspaper reporter stepped up to President Schwarz and asked if he would care to make a statement. "Stress this," said Mr. Schwarz. "We had more wild birds than ever before."

The gathering started to break up. The exhibitors got their cages together, threw cloths over them to shut out the light, and began heading for the street. Just as I went out the door, a large, walrus-mustached man who was carrying several cages stopped short, looked down, counted his cages, and bellowed, "I'm missing a pewee!" He found it before he went home.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

●

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From the Plattsburg Daily Republican*]

The meeting of the New York State Electoral College was held in the Senate Chamber at the Capital in Albany yesterday intrusted with the important duty of certifying and authenticating the right of President Roosevelt to the electoral votes of our Empire State in support of his candidacy for election for a third consecutive term to the great office of the Presidency of the United States despite the long standing tradition hitherto observed by both major political parties against the election of a President for more than two consecutive terms on the grounds it might lead to a dictatorship in case some ambitious president might use the great powers of the Presidential office to perpetuate his continuance in it while among other things made the action of the College today an event of exceptional historic significance emphasized by the fact that on the County of Clinton was conferred the signal honor of the unanimous vote of the members of the College in the election of the Hon. Thomas F. Conway of Plattsburg as the permanent President of the College and its permanent presiding officer whose views are widely known that tradition should not be permitted to control the action of the Electorate or its acredited representatives in the nation in view of the grave perils confronting it at the present time.

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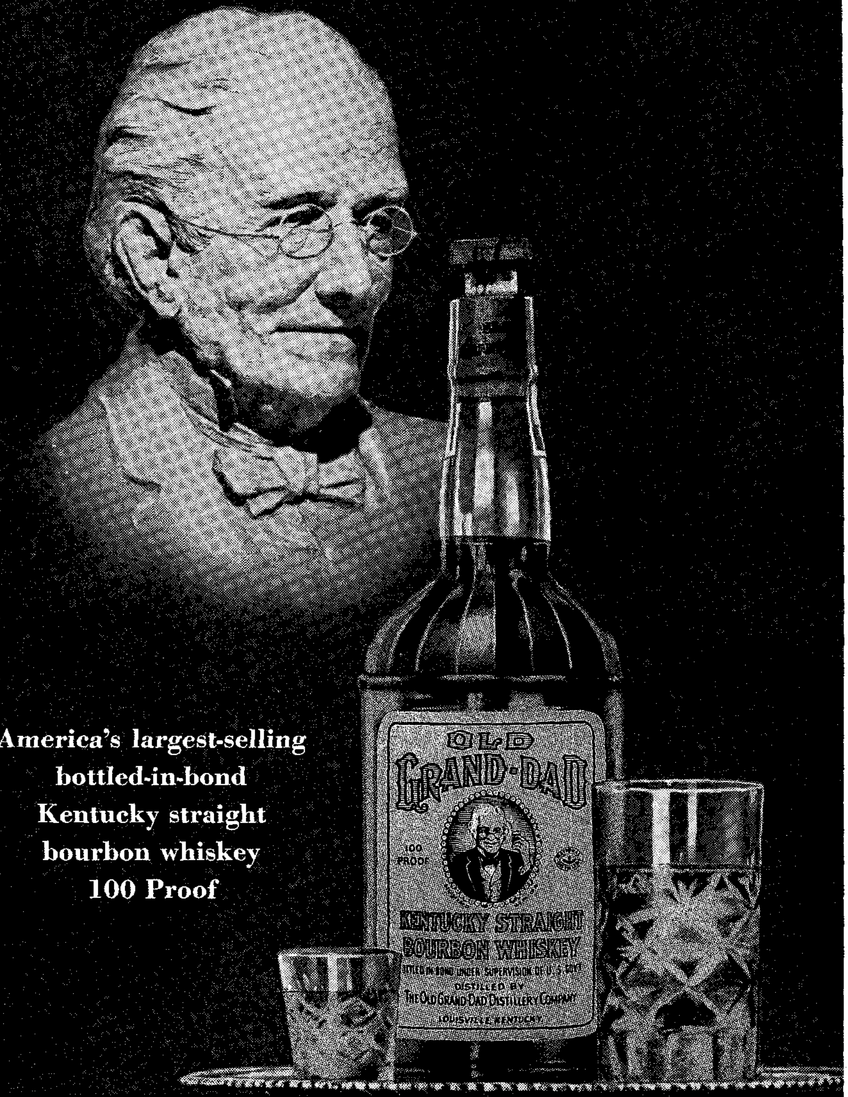

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OF ALL THINGS

WE have every reason to believe that the Inaugural ceremonies will go through without a hitch. After all the practice they have had, Messrs. Roosevelt and Hughes should know their parts perfectly.

•

The budget estimate for the next fiscal year is put at $17,485,528,049. To most of us, this figure is utterly meaningless, except that part about the forty-nine dollars.

•

We seem to be in for a bitter debate in Congress over the aid-to-Britain plan. Many statesmen do not seem to favor the blank-check, lend-lease, all-out, garden-hose bill.

•

Republican congressmen showed no enthusiasm when the President read his message. Perhaps he should have put in a snappy slogan, like "Win With Winston."

•

The Nazis claim that it would be a violation of the Hague Convention of 1907 to permit the repair of combatant warships in American ports. Sticklers might say that it was also slightly illegal to steal the convention city.

•

Military experts think it unlikely that the Nazis will undertake a military campaign through the Balkan mountains. More likely, they will just sit by the stove and wage rumors.

•

Senator Gillette reports that both the Republicans and the Democrats were guilty of overspending in the recent campaign. Incomplete figures show that it cost more than $21,000,000 to preserve and destroy the American way of life.

•

Mayor LaGuardia hints that he may resign to take some kind of defence job. We still hope that he will stay for the duration of the war on honkers and tooters.

•

The Supreme Court upholds the claim of $50,000,000 damages against the Germans for the Black Tom explosion. It is good to know that our judiciary is now within one war of being up to date.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

NANA

IN a small apartment on Lexington Avenue, the old Scotswoman lived alone with her memories. Nana was the only name she was known by, the traditional name of her species. Fifty years ago she had entered the service of a wealthy American family and had become the nurse of the only child, a little boy. He was a sensitive and lonely child and had clung to her instinctively, arousing in her the one affection of her life. This old spinster's mother love for her charge remained with her all her life. In a shy, abrupt way, it was reciprocated and endured. Deafness on her part and laconicism on the part of both had reduced what was once a child's eager prattle to a daily exchange of monosyllables.

But her memories made up for this deficiency. They took her back to the Tuileries, the Luxembourg Gardens, the Rond-Point. The boy liked the carrousel, the Punch-and-Judy show, the goat's-milk vendor, in common with dozens of little Parisians. From watering place to watering place, from spa to spa, the family moved in the routine manner of the fashionable, and always Nana went along. She was indifferent to her surroundings, having one concern only, the happiness of "her" child. She would sit gazing into space, while the precocious youngster concealed himself beneath a boat on the sands and read a book. His mother did not understand such strange behavior.

Nana could recall the last glories of old Newport, the Newport of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, *the* Mrs. Vanderbilt, the Goelets, the Payne Whitneys, and Harry Lehr. This was the extravagant world in which the thrifty, ascetic Scotswoman had pursued her maternal task. The poor little rich boy needed her—that was sufficient to see her through much that she and her Calvinistic forebears could never have imagined, back in distant Scotland. Her collection of photographs of that gilded age—photographs of the house, the vintage motorcars, the bathing suits at Bailey's Beach—was a faded chapter of social history. Provided her boy was in a picture, she preserved it. She particularly cherished an adorable one of a handsome lad in a sailor suit, proudly if somewhat timidly leading a prize-winning donkey. Similar records of his later years—his first car outside the house on Fifth Avenue, his lovely yacht—were preserved too, but these were not so close to her heart, as they progressively represented the emancipation of the child become man.

But the man never deserted or forgot her. He provided the apartment and a pension. The old woman lived only for his daily telephone call and his occasional visit—the latter an ordeal of loyal affection on his part, for there was little for them to talk about, and nothing of the present. The daily dialogue for years ran about as follows:

"Hello, Nana. How are you?"

"I'm well. How are you?"

"I'm well. Is there anything you want?"

"No, thank you."

"Are you sure? Have you tried that new radio I sent you? Can you hear me properly? You're sure you're all right?"

"Yes."

"Good night, Nana."

Neither of them ever varied this. Although both were ailing, they were always well—on the telephone. Although Nana had nothing but pain and loneliness, she never wanted anything. In a material sense, this last was true. On any reasonable pretext, the man had provided her with every conceivable thing that an old woman might use, including even a fitted bag from Cartier's. Except for the radio, which she seldom used, and the telephone, which she used only to answer his call, all her treasures of clothing, jewelry, and so forth were stowed away in old-fashioned trunks. She wore her eternal, neat black dress with white lace cuffs. A litter of tattered newspapers, which her failing eyesight could barely decipher, were the only evidence of how she occupied her time. She read them not for contemporary news but in search of names in society or obituary columns, remembrances of things past.

Occasionally the man would bring a visitor to see her, partly in the hope that a threesome might make the call less embarrassing than usual. He never failed to telephone that he was coming and bringing a friend. She would receive them with the fine dignity of an integral personality—never a trace of servility or false self-assurance. If the friend really meant something to her boy, he was accepted cordially. It was only when she scrutinized with maternal anxiety the man who was once her child that she subtly became for a second a nursemaid looking after her charge. She could never get sufficient reassurances that all was well with him, that he was happy. A question about what part of Scotland she came from—for her soft burr hadn't left her—would bring a momentary gleam in her eyes, but she had not been back there since she was a young girl. She would never see her own country again. Moving painfully, she would rise to say goodbye.

"Call me tomorrow."

"I will, Nana."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Then he would stop in somewhere for a stiff drink, and reflect on the obstinacy of the old lady (his secretary was instructed to watch over her without her knowing it) and her frailty and loneliness.

Only when she was finally stricken was it discovered that she had been suffering excruciating pain for some years. She died of cancer.

Nobody had ever heard her speak of any relatives of her own, either here or in Scotland. The only human being who had filled her heart was her boy. What would become of all the things he had given her, of those trunks containing all her treasures? There must be many quaint mementos of fifty years ago. But she had consistently kept her own life and troubles to herself. When she died, some hitherto unknown relatives from the South abruptly claimed her belongings. Only they learned what was in those trunks and in her savings-bank account. Secretive and reserved, expressed only in her devotion to her charge, she vanished—one of the last Nanas of a vanished epoch. —ERNEST BOYD

●

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

(ADJUSTMENT DIVISION)

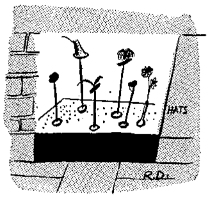
[*From Alma Archer's column in the Mirror*]

DEAR ALMA ARCHER:

I'm 25 and thought I was in love with a boy I went to school with, about my own age. Recently I've found myself enjoying the company of an older man—about 38—and wonder if it's just an infatuation or whether I should marry him, as he is urging me to do. Never before had I noticed it, but my older friend almost makes the younger fellow seem dumb. I'd never noticed his immaturity before. Another thing, the younger man seems irritable and spends so much time grousing about the world, whereas the older person seems much better adjusted and thinks almost entirely of me and my happiness.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES



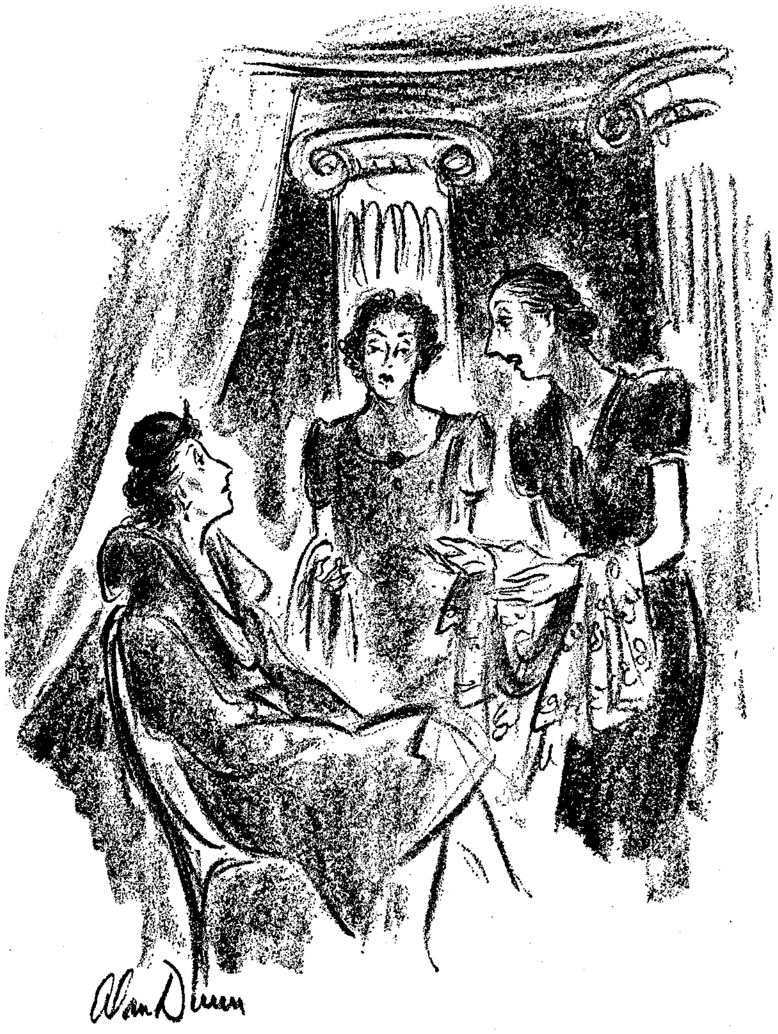
If hot-weather clothes become one whit more attractive, there's likely to be a rush of women writing to their surprised congressmen and demanding an amendment to make a ten-month summer compulsory. Certainly, the Southern-resort clothes now at Best are a menacing step toward giving that ideal little black wool dress a dour look. Such a dress cannot hope to compete in sprightliness with, say, a bottle-green jumper dress of a spun rayon resembling linen, which has a square neck in front, white pearl buttons down the back, and a pastel-striped short-sleeved blouse under it. Your Persian lamb will seem a trifle dusty next to Best's fitted, bright-red rayon-linen coat, fastened with one button at the waist. It goes over a one-piece, full, blue-and-white rayon-crêpe printed dress with red bone buttons. (It could go over all kinds of plain or printed dresses, for that matter.) Then there's a one-piece shantung dress, with a polka-dot turnover collar at the top of its fitted red bodice to match a polka-dotted skirt, and a fitted, short-sleeved jacket of red shantung; $25.

Flannel crops up everywhere at this shop. It appears in a bright-green bolero jacket worn over a rayon-jersey dress that has a pattern of bright-green carnations on a white ground and is made with a wide insert at the waist, to give a long-torso effect. Pale-blue flannel is used for one of those perfect dresses, with a widely pleated skirt and a prim collar, marked by stitching. A jacket in a vast, pastel plaid goes with this. Another dress, of white flannel this time, has stitched-down inverted pleats running vertically on each side of the bodice in a way that suggests the pockets of a sailor's pea jacket. The same effect is worked out on the accompanying fitted jacket, and the gold-metal buttons and eagle embroidered on one of its sleeves do nothing to dispel the nautical illusion.

Among the play clothes, the dream costume comes in a cotton that is a cross between a denim and a chambray. It consists of a street-length, button-down dress that has a sailor collar, complete with white cotton braid, and shorts topped by a red-and-white cotton-knit Antibes shirt; $8.95 for the works, and a more enchanting thing would be difficult to find at any price. If you like your play clothes more flowery, look at a dressmaker bathing suit and a long, fitted coat with a sewing-bag pocket on its voluminous skirt, all made of an upholstery chintz in great pastel flower patterns and trimmed with narrow blue upholstery braid.

On second thought, I doubt that there will ever be a movement which might endanger the prestige of spring on the calendar so long as John-Frederics continues to create. Currently, this shop is making a fetish of hats which have a wool filet crochet band or cap worked into them in such a way that they not only cling tightly to the head by nature but can be secured even more firmly with hairpins. A little box of a hat made of white toyo has a red-and-blue band crocheted around the bottom to anchor it where it belongs, just back of your pompadour. A great, gray, flopping felt hat of the type that the boys here always do so superbly sweeps upward in front to give you a wide-eyed look and also, I suspect, to show a bit of the bright-red crocheted supporting band around the head. This isn't the only hat on which they seem to want the securing device to be conspicuous, as you realize when you're shown one that consists of something resembling a great, irregular felt tam-o'-shanter. This rises up like a crazy halo in back of a navy-blue mesh cap that covers most of the head and has a big wooden hairpin stuck through it. Crocheted caps double as crowns on hats of all sizes and shapes.

There are endless nonsensical hats here, as the John-Frederics public has learned to expect, but for once the greatest temptations come in a sane guise. Among these is a rolled-back, big-brimmed hat (they assure me it's to be the next restaurant sensation) made of an incredibly rough but supple straw; a large affair has a shirred brim that goes straight across the front just above the



"Berlin says Paris says waistlines will be larger."

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eyes, supporting scarves that can dangle or fasten under your chin, according to your whim. There are turbans of hand-dyed challis and turbans of wool lace with knots of wool dotted all over it. And, for that spring "suit hat," there are tiny sailors and tilted plaques frothy with veiling and made of a pastel plaid straw from Peru.

THOSE who are accessory-mad will thank me for telling them about Lillian, at 332 Park Avenue (50th). Among her hand-knit sweaters for the Southern season are some of those new, heavy, knit two-colored affairs that stop well above the top of the skirt, leaving the midriff bare. One, for instance, combines beige horizontal knit across the bosom with vertically striped golden-brown knit in the short sleeves and the back. Sweaters of this type are $8.95 in any number of color schemes. For women who want something less extreme, there are those cable-knit, straight-hanging jackets with rolled edges in a contrasting color. Among the knitted caps to match, my favorite is one that is trimmed all around the bottom with bobbing woollen balls and can be worn forward or on the back of the head, as your hairdresser dictates. Those who are not adept at wrapping their own turbans will like a suède cap with long ends to twist around and tuck in; $6.95. Handbag addicts will be amused by a pouch made of cotton bandanna stuff and tied at the top with a narrow cord of braided straw. There are all kinds of gay tricks like that. Finally, for the woman who longs for Havana, Lillian has the smoldering Tabu, a rich scent heavily laced with sandalwood, which is good for Spanish-type beauties in any clime and is wonderful with furs.

MOST people know about the superb scalp treatments at the Ogilvie Sisters' salon, 604 Fifth Avenue (48th), but many may not yet have tried the shampoo, which sends you out feeling as vital as Ethel Merman. First, they rub into your hair whatever tonic it requires; next, they wash and wash and *wash* it. For a finish, they use their new Highlights Rinse, and your hair is then brushed dry. They say the rinse is less drastic than either vinegar or lemon juice, but I wouldn't know about that. What I do know is that all my life I have been yearning for a natural sheen to liven up hair which tends to drabness, and this rinse really gives a glisten. You can buy it by the bottle ($1) to use at home or to taunt another hairdresser with. . . . Not content with Milk Maid face cream, which is made mostly from Borden's cream-for-your-coffee, Bonwit Teller now offers the Milk Maid Foam Bath—a white powder in a demure sort of little milk bottle with tiny flowers scattered over it. You put a spoonful or two under gushing faucets and it makes the bath water both foamy and milky, if not entirely Anna Heldish; $2.75. . . . It isn't only office workers who are keen about the Tecor cold-cream fresheners that you find at Saks, Lewis & Conger, and Stern; hundreds of others would no more go without them than they would without Kleenex. The Tecor things are small squares of tinfoil, pressed together with just enough cream-saturated flannel sandwiched between them to clean the face. (The cream leaves the skin in good shape to hold powder.) They're ideal for a handbag, since they take up no space at all and never ooze; $1 for a box of sixty. . . . If you weren't lucky enough to get one of the De Markoff baskets filled with Water Nymph bath preparations for Christmas, you will want to make up for the omission by treating yourself to one. Lovely, flowery scents pervade the bath foam, the body cream, and the toilet waters. Also, I cannot say too much for the new De Markoff bath mitt, which *floats*, and honestly and truly is good for a dozen baths without going limp and clammy. I have wondered for years why people who like showers haven't risen up and demanded more, better, and less expensive mitts that would provide lather and water-softener and non-slipperiness all in one. This one is a step in the right direction. —L. L.

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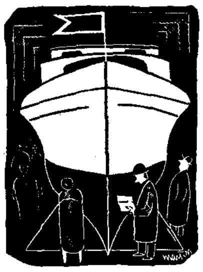
PARABLES OF OUR LORD
by the Rev. James Thayer Addison
Here we have a small book of daily meditations for Lent beginning with Ash Wednesday. The author, who wrote The Lord's Prayer, is well known throughout the Church.—*From an adv. in the Living Church.*

Famous, you almost might say.

THE MOTOR BOAT SHOW

Business Almost as Usual

THE frenzied way in which the government has been signing up shipyards and engine manufacturers for the defence program has naturally slowed the production of motor boats for pleasure use and may even have given some people the idea that there wouldn't be anything left for would-be private buyers this year. The immediate outlook's not nearly as bad as all that, though, as you can see for yourself by dropping in at the Motor Boat Show in Grand Central Palace. (You'll have to take my word for it unless you hurry; the Show closes Saturday night.) I haven't bothered to count the entries, but the Show people say there are, in all, a hundred and thirty boats on display. Even if this is about twenty less than last year, it strikes me as being more than adequate.



Two boatbuilders, Wheeler and Luders, have signs in their exhibits explaining that because of the defence work they are doing they won't be able to handle as many private orders as in previous years, and although the other boat exhibitors aren't calling attention to the fact, the same thing is true of most of them. Elco, I believe, is a special case. This company is doing a good deal of government work on fast motor torpedo boats, but it has such a large plant that it can take care of both types of building. That's what I was told, anyway.

There is a great deal of talk at the Show about how the defence program will affect the manufacturers in the future. The Navy, it seems, contemplates ordering so many small boats that the important builders will have more work than they can handle, with the result that the medium-sized yards will probably get a crack at some of the government business. This, in turn, will give the really little fellows a chance to sell more pleasure boats than they've ever dreamed of producing, though whether or not they'll be able to find the necessary materials and trained workmen remains a question.

Engine manufacturers admit that it will take longer for them to make deliveries, but they swear that, given time, they'll be able to fill all orders. Accessory-makers are already finding it harder to get copper, bronze, and aluminum, and their prices show it. As a matter of fact, prices in general are up this year. They are expected to go higher, and dealers tell me the slogan "Buy early" really means something these days.

AS usual, the ground floor of the Palace has been turned over to the boats themselves, ranging from the fifty-seven-foot Elco cruiser, which indoors looms up like an ocean liner, down to eight-foot dinghies. There are thirty-five sailing craft, somewhat more than usual. The boat exhibits overflow onto the mezzanine, but for the most part this space is taken up by Diesel and gasoline engines. On the third floor, you'll find gadgets and accessories that delight the man who already owns a boat—no place at all for a fellow whose sales resistance is running low.

For the general public, of course, the first floor is the centre of interest, and heaven knows there is plenty to see there. That big Elco, for example, is a fine sight, all slicked up with chromium and glass. Equipped with gasoline engines, it costs $31,850; with General Motors twin Diesels, about $40,000, for which you could probably buy half of all the other boats if you started with the dinghies and worked up.

The second largest boat on the floor is a Chris-Craft forty-four-foot cruiser. When I last dropped around, people were waiting in line half an hour for a chance to get aboard. It is easy to see why, for the vessel's modern lines and gleaming paintwork make her spectacular.

THERE seems to have been a tendency among designers to provide a great deal more window space. The cabins of most 1941 cruisers have plenty of sliding glass in all four walls, which makes them lighter, of course, and potentially more airy. The Owens Yacht Company of Baltimore is showing a thirty-footer that has screens on its many windows—a grand idea for the man who does a lot of summer cruising, spending his nights in small, quiet, mosquito-breeding harbors.

Among the new boats, two that I find interesting are an Elco thirty-two-footer, and a Richardson, one foot shorter. The Elco is so streamlined that even the portholes are pear-shaped. Since the purpose of streamlining is simply to cut down wind resistance, and since port-

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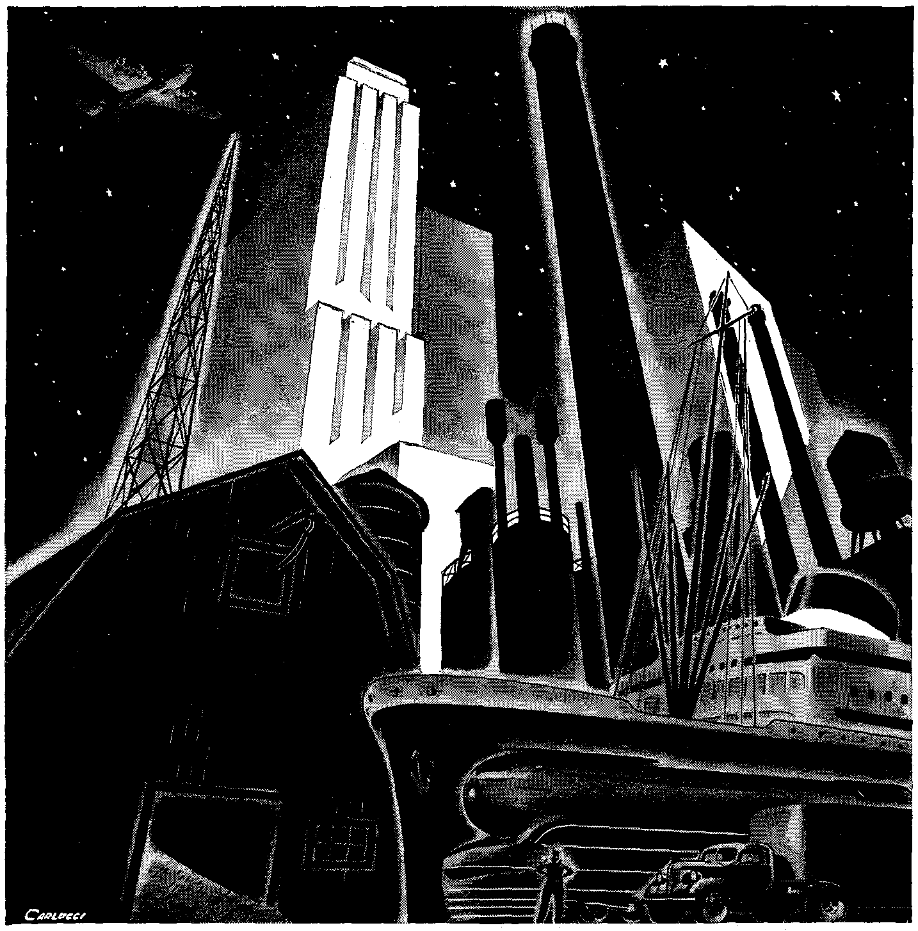

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To work hard and effectively, America must keep fit physically and mentally.

It is a happy circumstance that our sports, physically rigorous sports, provide not only relaxation and rest from our work—our sports give us health, endurance, reasoned courageousness.

Regular, though brief, periods with our sports send us back to work rested, refreshed, stronger, more productive.

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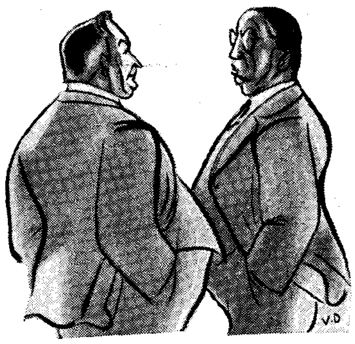
holes are flush with the hull, this strikes me as rather silly, but otherwise the new cruiser is a trim addition to the Elco fleet, which is notable for good looks and a thorough use of the limited space available in and on a motor-boat hull. The novel aspect of the Richardson is that its engine is placed several feet further aft than in most boats of its size, leaving more room under the cabin for stowage.

The Wheeler people are showing only one Playmate, instead of three or four as in the past. They say she will sleep six comfortably, but I'd rather not be aboard when she cruises with that many people; four would seem about right to me. Just the same, the designers have packed more equipment and left more space in thirty feet of boat than you'd believe possible. The cockpit aft is large and roomy, and, all in all, the Playmate is a lot of boat for $3,995.

SAILING men at the Show are crowding around the twenty-three-foot sloop Stout Fella, designed and built by Gilbert Dunham, of Stamford. She has no bunks, being intended primarily for daytime sailing, but there is a cuddy, or small cabin, forward. There's also a Lauson air-cooled engine for use in calms. Dunham is asking $1,330 for such sloops and had already sold the display boat when I made my first rounds last Saturday. The least expensive sailboat at the Palace is, so far as I have been able to discover, a twelve-foot Sailabout priced at $98. The queerest-looking craft certainly are two Moth sloops, little boats that resemble soap dishes fitted with masts. They're popular, though; hundreds of them race in American waters every summer.

The hitherto unpretentious small sailboats of the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Company have blossomed out with lots of brightwork and polished mahogany finishes. The highlight of the Cape Cod exhibit is a beautiful fourteen-foot International racing dinghy designed by Uffa Fox, of England. Whenever I see a lovely boat like this on display, it reminds me that there is one problem the



Show people haven't licked—how to make sails look well indoors. The canvas is always so wrinkled, droopy, and dispirited. I haven't the least idea what can be done, unless someone could invent a way of starching the sails in a properly bellied-out manner. Or maybe the exhibitors could rig up a battery of electric fans.

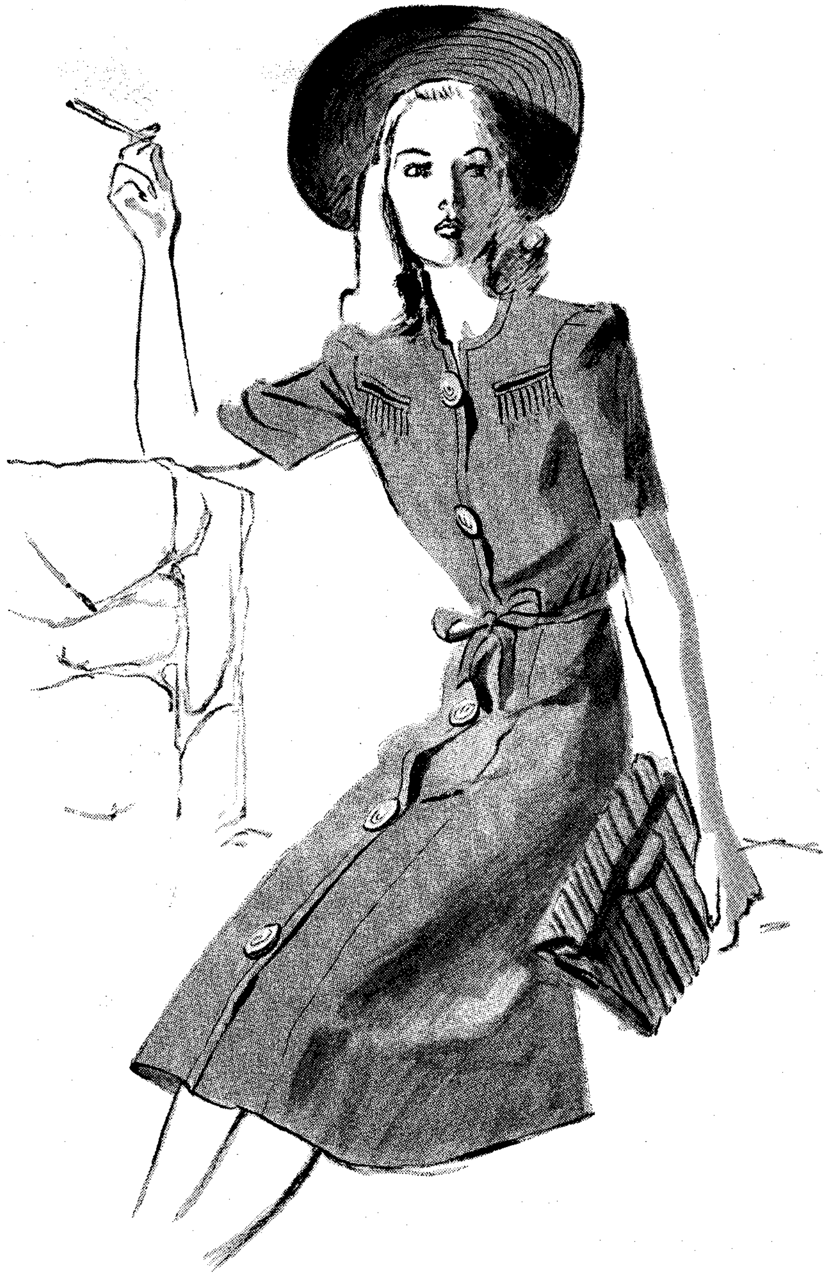
THE Palace offers a number of so-called educational exhibits (to the management, anything not for sale is educational) that you may find interesting. The Coast Guard, for instance, is on hand with a twenty-six-foot motor surfboat that by some miraculous system of vents empties itself of any water which may come aboard. Also, skippers might profitably look into the booth of the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation, and get a clear idea of the equipment they are now required to carry, in view of the fact that Congress passed a new set of regulations for motor boats last April.

FLOTSAM: The National Outboard Association shows three racing hulls, called Exasperator, Aggravator, and Annihilator, and outboardphobes think the names perfect. . . . I'd advise you not to miss the Admiral Farragut Academy's display of scale models of every combat vessel in the Navy. It's really something. . . . The American Canoe Association's pet exhibit is a racing sail canoe with a six-foot plank on runners for a seat. This rests across the thirty-inch hull, and the stunt is to balance the canoe against the thrust of the wind by sliding the plank as far over the side to windward as it will go, and then climbing out on the end of it. The weight of an average-sized man in that position is said to be the equivalent of a 1,200-pound keel. I understand that he's hardly as stabilizing as a keel, though, when the wind suddenly quits. —BALLAST

THE RABBIT

(ON READING THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION'S RULINGS ON THE PROPER NAMING OF FURS)

The Rabbit is a gay deceiver
  Who often masquerades as Beaver.
Some circles class it with the Minks,
  While others call it Arab Lynx,
Polar Bak, or Chinchillette,
  Electric Seal, or Erminette.
It's praised most highly as Minkony,
  But God (and the Rabbit) knows it's phony. —IONE O'REILLY



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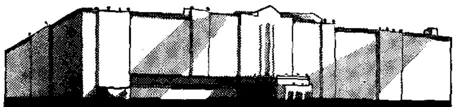

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And
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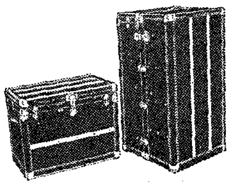

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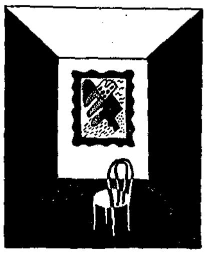
THE ART GALLERIES

Edward Hopper and Others—Some with Music

THERE aren't a great many American painters in their late fifties who could risk getting out their earliest canvases for exhibition without fear of embarrassment. That's what Edward Hopper has done, however, for his current show at the Rehn Galleries, and the fact that the pictures stand up as well as they do is, I think, a tribute to the orderly mind and the reasoned viewpoint behind them. There are twenty-three paintings in the group, nine of them done in Paris in 1907 and 1909, and the remainder in this country between 1908 and 1914; it's hardly too much to say that in feeling and spirit and range of interest, if not always in style, a good share of them might almost have been painted yesterday.



One of Hopper's great gifts, it has always seemed to me, is an ability to convey a sense of the aloneness of a building and the feeling of empty air around it as it stands against the sky. You'll see this gift illustrated as early as 1909 in his view of a high-chimneyed, steep-roofed wing of the Louvre, called "Le Pavillon de Flore," and you'll see it applied again, this time to an American scene, in his " 'Squam Light" of a few years later—the first in the series of lighthouse paintings he was to do in the years that followed. "Railroad Crossing," with its fantastically gabled and ornamented Victorian house sitting sadly in the centre of the canvas, is a similar foreshadowing of what was to be a major preoccupation of his later on.

All this, of course—these linkages between his early and recent work and the general effect of consecutiveness that binds them—implies, too, a certain rigidity and cautiousness in Hopper's development. It's quite clear that he never went overboard about anything. Even in Paris thirty years ago, when the artistic air must have been seething with theories and influences, he seems to have moved carefully and circumspectly, taking just what he needed, and no more, from the various new techniques that offered themselves.

He did a certain amount of dabbling in the broken color of the Impressionists, as in "Le Louvre et la Seine," and he spent a good deal of his time, as they did, painting the Pont des Arts and the Ile St. Louis and the other plein-airist landmarks. But the chief result of the Paris venture seems to have been to lighten his palette and sharpen his observation (he'd been deep in the grays and blues of Robert Henri till then), and though it's arguable that his painting might now be richer in meaning if he'd cut loose more in those early days, I myself am not so sure. The Hopper we have, when he's good, is quite good enough.

Certainly, even in these early pieces, there's sufficient sound craftsmanship to satisfy anybody. Hopper's period of greatest uncertainty, to judge from the show, seems to have come some years after his return from France, and two or three canvases done around 1912 reveal really serious befuddlements about technique. Yet in all but these the attack is sure and the painting strong, and in such a piece as his "Corner Saloon," done in 1914, in which everything he learned about lighting in Paris is brought fully to bear on his native observation, one can see the beginnings of true maturity. He went on with complete assurance, I'd imagine, from there.

BY one of those coincidences peculiar to the art world, two galleries, the Downtown and the Passedoit, have hit on the fairly uncommon idea of showing paintings on the general subject of music for their current offerings. Both treat their theme very broadly, however, the fact that a still life contains a guitar or a mandolin—or even, in one case, a kazoo—being sufficient warrant for its inclusion, and there's less conflict and confusion than might be imagined. Of the two, the affair at the Passedoit is the more pretentious, ranging all the way back to the sixteenth-century painter Bernardino Strozzi (for a fine, big, flowingly Venetian composition called "The Musicians") and including as well such assorted moderns as Chagall and Picasso, Ozenfant and Raphael Soyer. The Soyer, a still life called "Mandolin and Red Cloth," is warm and pleasing, and the Ozenfant semi-abstraction, "Instrument Hypothétique," has all his sure style and exact taste, but the Chagall is the real hit of the show. Called "Le Clown Musicien," with a clown and a girl and a horse all floating improbably in a blue, flower-filled atmosphere, it's one of the most purely poetic creations of his I've seen in some time.

The show at the Downtown, though more limited in scope (it's mainly confined to this gallery's own group, with some nineteenth-century and folk art thrown in for good measure), is gayer and on the whole better organized. Even Sheeler turns playful in the course of it, with a small and quite charming picture, called "Music in the Air," of a factory whistle tooting away in a haze of steam and sunshine. It's here that you'll see the kazoo, in Katherine Schmidt's rather brittle "Panama Hattie and Kazoo" (you won't see Ethel Merman, unfortunately; the painting's a still life). There are, too, a fine, silky-textured Kuniyoshi—"Still Life with Accordion"—and an excellent Karfiol interior called "Making Music." Among the earlier pieces, I liked especially the William M. Harnett "Music and Literature" and a really swell little naïve water color, "The Royal Psalmist," by a lady named Lucy Douglas (circa 1810).

THERE isn't much time for art exhibitions in England these days, and the American British Art Center, newly opened here, was planned primarily to give the artists there an outlet now largely denied them at home, as well as to provide a sort of permanent base for benefit shows of works by both British and Americans for the aid of English artists. This is certainly a worthy cause if there ever was one. Unfortunately, the first exhibition suffers from a slightly thrown-together look, as is perhaps natural under the circumstances, and also, I suspect, from the basic difficulty that there just aren't enough good English artists to go around—at least in a collection of such size.

The last complaint can be met by making the shows somewhat smaller and more selective, and the first will doubtless take care of itself in time. Meanwhile, of the hundred-odd paintings, drawings, and sculptures on view, I noted only a few—David Milne's pinkish, interesting "Sun Porch," for instance, and his more boldly handled "Campfire on the Rock," Desmond Harmsworth's agreeable "Paris," and David Jones' sprightly "Meadow Gate"—that seemed really outstanding. Jacob Epstein's large "Madonna and Child" is one of this erratic sculptor's more successful efforts, and in the American section there's a nice oil by Louis Donato, called "Jersey, Landscape," and a vigorous bronze head of Paul Robeson by Sally Ryan. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Two other persons were unhurt, one seriously.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A common type.

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you're bound to like
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A LITTLE QUIET FUN

NOT for a moment, apparently, had Mr. Smock forgotten that Mr. Devore had promised him an evening at a typical New York night club. Mr. Devore began to squirm as soon as he heard Mr. Smock's voice over the telephone. He did what he should have done in the first place—excused himself gracefully and said that he had been forced to request one of his juniors to serve as his substitute. Mr. Smock was unflatteringly willing to accept the alternative.

"If this young man of yours is going to show me the town, the least he can do is have dinner with Mrs. Smock and me over here at the St. Regis beforehand. I'm sorry you can't go, Devore, but it certainly is nice of your friend Mr. Latimer to want to give me a good time. I appreciate it. Tell him dinner at seven."

"Dinner at seven," Mr. Devore repeated. "I'll tell him. And again I must apologize for my always unpredictable sinus trouble."

A few days before, Mr. Devore had been unsuccessful in an attempt to persuade Mr. Smock that Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore would be the best legal counsel in the East for Mr. Smock's projected organization, Oregon Superfoods, Inc. With deep chagrin, the old lawyer had learned that Mr. Smock proposed to retain, instead, the firm of Sloane, Todd, Veterito & Susskind, for the absurd reason that Mr. Todd happened to be a fellow-Oregonian. Young Mr. Latimer, who on several occasions in the past had displayed a useful shrewdness, was by no means pessimistic about Oregon Superfoods. It seemed to him that something still might be done.

Old Mr. Devore, Latimer felt, had probably used the wrong tactics altogether. He suspected that his chief, while undeniably a gifted lawyer, had probably attempted to conquer Mr. Smock by employing his favorite public manner, which was ponderous in the extreme. It was Latimer's notion that a little everyday friendliness might succeed where the pontifical manner had failed. Mr. Smock's interest in night clubs was an encouraging symptom. The average client enjoyed a little quiet fun, and it seemed evident that Mr. Smock was not an exception to the rule.

"Have Mr. Smock and Mr. Todd actually come to an agreement?" Latimer asked Mr. Devore.

"Yes," the senior partner said. "I believe so. At least, Smock had definitely made up his mind when I spoke to him."

"Suppose it isn't absolutely settled," Latimer persisted. "And suppose, just for the sake of argument, that I can sell him on the idea of Forbes, Hathaway? What would happen? I mean, would it affect my status in any way?"

"Financially?" Mr. Devore asked drily. "Yes, I suppose so."

It wouldn't hurt to try, Latimer decided. He sent a boy out to get the latest copy of *Variety*. The trade paper of the amusement world was one of Latimer's favorite periodicals and had been responsible for at least a portion of his social success. In its unique pages he not only discovered many fascinating new words but learned of the existence of various additions to New York night life long before his friends heard of them through more conventional channels. When the boy came back, Latimer opened the paper to the section headed "Niteries" and presently found the very information he wanted.

LATIMER knew the St. Regis well. At dinner that night, the friendly attentions to which the waiters were inspired by his presence at once endeared him to Mr. and Mrs. Smock, who hitherto had found the atmosphere of the dining room a trifle rarefied. Mr. Smock suggested that Latimer order the meal, which the young lawyer did with such expertness and with so many authoritative commands that the Smocks soon found themselves relaxing gratefully.

"Are you sure you won't come along with us to the Florida afterward?" Latimer asked Mrs. Smock.

"No, thank you," she said. "I'm not much of a dancer. Elwell doesn't care for dancing, either, but he's got it into his head that he wants to see what the catering is like in one of the big New York night clubs. He wants to see what kind of customers they'd be for this Superfoods scheme he's so wrapped up in."

"You wouldn't have to dance," Latimer said politely. "The big thing at the Florida is the entertainment. They've got this Cliff Edgar. Maybe you've seen him on the stage?"

The Smocks, it developed, seldom went to the theatre, but Latimer was far from being discouraged. Cliff Edgar could always be depended on to be funny. And a potential client was never more susceptible than when he was shaking with laughter. Latimer was secretly gratified when Mrs. Smock said again, and with finality, that she really had no desire to visit the Florida.

Changing the subject, he said, with fresh enthusiasm, "I'm so glad you were able to find a thoroughly reliable law firm to handle your company's affairs, Mr. Smock. Sloane, Todd are absolutely first rate. I suppose that before you made an agreement with them, Mr. Todd went into full detail about the services they'd be able to give you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Smock. "We had quite a long talk about things in general. It was all kind of informal, though. Just a sociable meeting. Nothing's been settled yet."

"I see." Latimer nodded. He took a leisurely sip of water and managed to conceal his excitement. "Well, he's a fine lawyer. Oregon seems to turn out some mighty unusual men."

Latimer and Mr. Smock parted with Mrs. Smock and left the hotel. When they reached the Florida, they sat at a table that permitted an unobstructed view of the entertainment. Latimer had seen to that. The dinner show was still under way.

"Nice place," Mr. Smock said approvingly. "I like it."

A ventriloquist was concluding his act. "Now that I've bored everybody as long as possible," he said with spurious modesty, "I guess I'll go out and get tight."

"I'll go with you," his dummy said gaily.

The ventriloquist acknowledged the applause with a bow and carried his ugly little colleague off the floor. The bandleader introduced a tall blonde, gowned in black, who began to sing mournfully of unrequited love. Mr. Smock paid no attention to her but studied a menu at great length. Latimer ordered brandy-and-sodas and told the waiter that it would probably be a while before they would want anything to eat. Presently, Mr. Smock took a silver pencil from his pocket and proceeded to make crosses next to various items on the menu.

"We could practically supply them with every single thing!" he said triumphantly. "We're going to meet a lot of your Eastern produce distributors on prices, too. If our advertising does what we expect it to, you're going to be *asking* for Oregon products, and places like this will have to come down off their high horse and give 'em to you."

"*Ses yeux*," the lady at the microphone sobbed. "*Je les vois encore, ses yeux.*"

"Great idea!" Latimer said with warmth. "I suppose at this end you'll make a point of hiring people who know the Eastern retail setup backward and forward. Not to mention Eastern tastes and habits of living and so on. While you won't have to staff the warehouses with Easterners, you'll probably use them in all the other parts of the New York organization, won't you?"

"Well—no," said Mr. Smock thoughtfully. "We'd figured it the other way around. Easterners in key distribution jobs and Westerners in executive posts and all the key sales jobs. But what you say kind of gives me a fresh slant."

"He'll look at me and smile," the young lady sang. "I'll understand, and in a little while he'll hold my hand."

"My only feeling," Latimer said earnestly, "is that it's so important for your whole outfit, from top to bottom, to get off to a good start. It would be such an asset, too, if you had legal counsel that was firmly rooted in the East. Your lawyers ought to be working with you hand in glove on every imaginable point. In a way, it's too bad that Mr. Todd comes from Oregon—you mustn't misunderstand me, he's a *very* able attorney. What I mean is, I can't help wishing he had a New York slant on things."

"It's true he isn't a real New Yorker at heart," Mr. Smock agreed, "but his firm's a big outfit. They've got all kinds of people working for them."

"Mr. Devore was born in New York," Latimer said dreamily. "He'll be one of your average Eastern consumers. There's nothing like being guided by an average consumer when you come right down to it. Gosh, in another minute or two I'll be telling you how to run your own business! You'll have to forgive me. It's just that I'm so darned interested!"

"Don't apologize," Mr. Smock said with warm approval. "Some of the things you've been saying sound very levelheaded. Go right on."

"And *now*," said the band-leader, his tone suggesting that nothing less than the millennium had arrived, "I'm not even going to announce the next headliner in tonight's show. I'm just going to ask him to come out and do his stuff. A great comedian, ladies and

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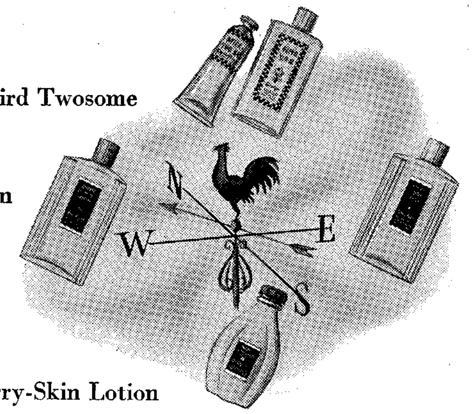

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gentlemen, who needs no introduction." Turning, he led the orchestra in a fanfare.

A red-nosed man in the traditionally baggy and patched attire of the stage tramp dashed out and ran furiously around the floor, chasing the spotlight, which, according to hoary custom, eluded him so persistently that he finally collapsed from exhaustion, a quivering heap of old rags. The band struck up a dead march, to the audience's amusement. Presently the top of the rag pile stirred, and a face timidly showed itself. The tramp scrambled to his feet. His manner changed. He minced around the floor, wagging his hips and shoulders comically.

"Am I embarrathed!" Cliff Edgar lisped absurdly. "I had no *idea* thith wath a plathe where everybody would be in formal dreth! Nobody thaid anything to *me* about formal dreth. If I'd known thith wath a drethy plathe, *I'd* have drethed, *too*. Oh, am I embarrathed!"

Latimer noted with regret that Mr. Smock did not seem especially amused.

"Why did I come here?" the tramp wailed. "I don't thee anybody I know. Not a thingle thoul." He appealed to the band-leader. "Excuthe me. Ith thith Eltha Maxwell'th?"

"No," said the band-leader. "This is the Club Florida."

"Oh dear, and I wath thuppothed to go to Eltha Maxwell'th tonight." He leered at the audience. "She thaid, '*Jutht come ath you are!*' "

"Who's Elsa Maxwell?" Mr. Smock whispered.

"Why, she—she's sort of a celebrity," Latimer said helplessly.

"You'd better go away," the band-leader admonished the tramp. "Can't you see that you're bothering all these ladies and gentlemen?"

"Let me tell them a little thtory," the tramp begged. "Jutht *one* little thtory."

"All right. Just one."

"Onthe upon a time there were three bearth," Edgar began, with dreadful coyness. He looked at Mr. Smock and his expression clouded. "A papa bear and a mamma bear and a baby bear." Again he looked at Mr. Smock, this time with petulant dislike. "One day they went for a walk—" Edgar stamped his foot and said, "Thtop making fatheth at me!"

Mr. Smock turned and stared into the dark recesses of the club to see who the offender was.

"Don't pretend you don't know who I'm thpeaking to," the comedian said. "You know perfectly well who I'm thpeaking to. I'm thpeaking to *you!*"

Everyone laughed—everyone except Mr. Smock and Mr. Latimer.

"Make him thtop!" Edgar said to the band-leader. "I didn't come here to be inthulted like thith. He'th been following me for dayth and dayth and dayth!" Edgar flounced toward Mr. Smock's table and became more wroth than ever. "Don't you remember what I told you latht Thaturday? I thaid I'd never *thpeak* to you again!"

Mr. Smock sat bolt upright and glared at the tramp. A spotlight obligingly picked out the Smock-Latimer table.

Taking the audience into his confidence, Edgar appealed for sympathy. "He thtole my puthycat!" To make the enormity of the crime even more poignant, he added with a ludicrous semblance of woe, "She wath *practically* a Maltethe. Her name wath Belinda."

Latimer bent over to Mr. Smock and said, "This is always the best part of his act. It's what he's famous for."

"Tell him to stop," Mr. Smock said unexpectedly. "I don't think it's funny. Tell him to pick out somebody else right away." He tried to move his chair out of the spotlight, but the proximity of other tables made this impossible.

"It's all part of the fun," Latimer said ingratiatingly. "The management sends over a bottle of champagne afterward."

"I didn't come here to be annoyed," Mr. Smock said in a menacing tone, "and I don't want any champagne!"

"But, Mr. Smock—"

"Mithter Thmock!" said the comedian dramatically, pouncing on the name. "Where ith Belinda?" He pulled an enormous red handkerchief out of his sleeve and silently cried into it, his whole body heaving in an elaborate travesty of grief. The silence which was supposed to enhance the comic effect of his weeping was broken by a single word, sharply spoken.

"Check!" Mr. Smock said.

"But, Mr. Smock—"

"Check!" Mr. Smock said again, and a troubled waiter hurried up to the ta-

ble. Even Edgar seemed distrait at a turn of events which threatened to interfere with his routine. But he need not have worried. The audience suddenly burst into louder laughter than ever, heartily corroborating the *Variety* headline on which Latimer had placed his bet: "EDGAR SOCKO AT FLORIDA; NANCE TRAMP ACT A WOW."

"Bring it to me outside," Mr. Smock said to the waiter, and got up abruptly. "I'll pay it in the lobby."

Mr. Smock and his wretched host bumped their way through the crowded room until they reached the comparative privacy of the foyer. Waving Latimer aside, Mr. Smock paid the check and secured his hat and coat, pointedly omitting to tip the waiter and the hat-check girl. He marched stiffly to the street, with Latimer trailing behind him, and crooked his finger at a waiting taxi.

"Honestly, Mr. Smock, I had no idea you'd—"

"It was very interesting," said Mr. Smock, now vaguely magnanimous. "And, in a way, it wasn't your fault. I'd always wanted to see one of these places. Thank you for giving up so much of your time."

Mr. Smock's belated graciousness lost a little of its general effect, however, when he inadvertently knocked his hat off in entering the taxi. He pulled the door shut with great emphasis, leaving Latimer alone on the sidewalk and the future bright with promise for Sloane, Todd, Veterito & Susskind.

—JAMES REID PARKER

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There also were steam kettles, which were constantly in use making tea, aluminum chairs, the United States naval periodical and even a half-dozen softball baseball bats.—*The Times.*

Quite a head of steam, obviously.

•

The bibliographical collection of the late Dr. Wilberforce Eames, chief bibliographer of the New York Public Library from 185 to 1937, has been given to the library. The collection was described as the most remarkable ever made by a private individual.—*The Post.*

Well, look at the start he had.

•

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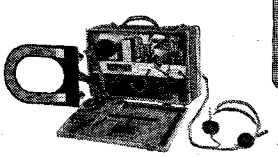

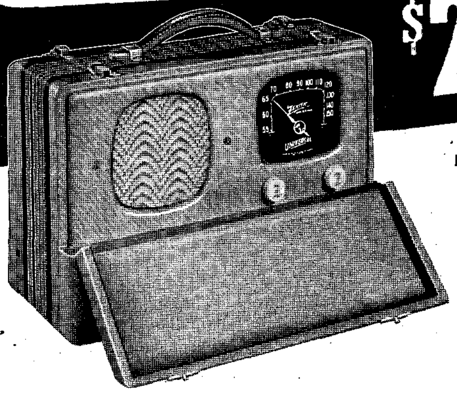

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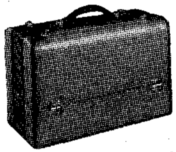

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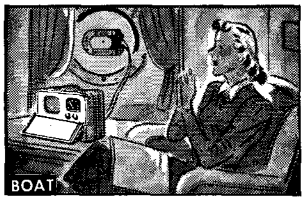

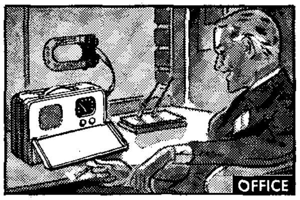

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THE RACE TRACK

All Ran Well

THINGS are really under way at Miami now, with everyone getting out early to Hialeah Park for tickets on the good old daily double, that beguiling form of combination bet in which you try to pick the winners of two races, and sometimes are paid off at fabulous odds. When New York adopted pari-mutuels, all the race-track managements voted against having a daily double—too much accent on betting, they said. However, many horse-players, as you may have gathered, don't agree, and perhaps someday they'll be able to do something about it.

Getting back to Florida (and I'm sorry I didn't bring a fur-lined parka and galoshes), the opening of Hialeah was fun despite the showers. There was a big crowd of cheerful customers, and the racing was as good as you could possibly wish to see. Sixteen ran in the Inaugural Handicap, and the winner, Liberty Flight, a 17–1 chance, just got home by a head. The race on the turf course was also first rate, and the two-year-olds ran unusually straight; as a rule, young horses skitter and bump all over the place. I might add that this new crop is good-looking, on the whole runs faster than many I've seen, and so far has been pretty consistent—and it's about time the breed was improving. The names of some are a trifle puzzling. People, I suspect, are going to confuse Curious Roman with More Roman, and get even more mixed up over Miss I.Q. and Miss Q.

THE tip of the season so far, and that includes those at Tropical Park, was on Calumet Farm's Blenweed, who won with such ease the other afternoon. Almost everybody who wasn't stone-deaf heard that, as a two-year-old, he was more fancied than Whirlaway, who is in the same stable, and that he didn't race then because he was too temperamental to train. I wonder if all Blenheim II's children have tantrums. Although Blenweed is a handsome animal, my guess is that you can be safe in putting him down as something less than another Whirlaway.

I don't think that Zacatine, who won the Hialeah Stakes last weekend, will be winning classic races this summer. His smallness is against him, though I must admit he's nimble. Magic Stream, who also ran in the Hialeah Stakes, is much bigger but no greater shakes. Bull Brier, who as a yearling cost $11,600, a lot of money for any yearling, is more to my liking. He hasn't learned to carry his speed far, but he may in time.

HORSEMEN, who are always grumbling, say that the new Hialeah track takes a long time to dry out after even the lightest rain, and the speed-chart handicappers complain that the doors of the new stall gate open so slowly that some of the starts are more straggling than they should be. On the bright side, all the officials, directors, and members of the Hialeah Club, which, as you know, is the *cercle privé*, have new gold badges adorned with little jockey caps tricked out in white, green, black, and red enamel. The ordinary paper enclosure badge is a fancy number, too. On it, in colors, is a picture of the clubhouse, which last year a committee of architects ranked tenth in a group of a hundred typical modern American buildings, and above the clubhouse is a horse floating in the clouds, like the one in "The Thief of Bagdad."

THIS story has nothing to do with racing. Over in the Spanish Village on Miami Beach a marathon pinocle game has been going on for weeks. Stakes are not high, and players sit in and drop out when they like. The other day, Colonel Martingale, who goes everywhere, overheard one of the kibitzers urging a man who had been playing steadily for twenty-seven hours, and looked it, to take a rest. "You should stop," said the kibitzer, "you look terrible. Go to the beach. Get out in the sun." "The beach?" said the player incredulously. "Hell, the beach is for suckers."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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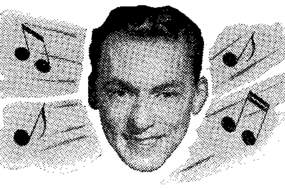

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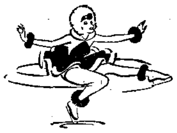

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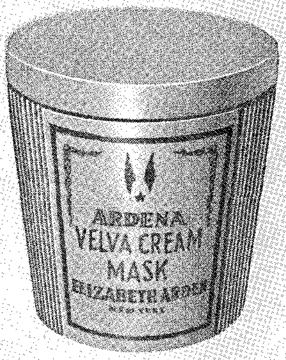

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Transients and Residents

WHEN it comes to summing up the tenure of Dimitri Mitropoulos as guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony these past few weeks, the net is that his various concerts have confirmed the impression he made at his début. He's a superb master of the orchestra, a fine musician, and an apparently inexhaustible source of energy.

It's this energy which makes Mr. Mitropoulos so effective as the director of music that doesn't, so to say, sell itself. At his first concert, he converted Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" into something much more exhilarating than the composition is. Last week, he took hold of Mahler's first symphony, which can have many tedious moments with ordinary conducting, and presented it as a convincing and enjoyable adventure. In the case of this symphony, it wasn't just a matter of high-pressure maestroship. Mr. Mitropoulos didn't muff the placid charm of the second movement or the odd humor of the third. His energy took care of such details as well as of all-over power.

Sometimes, in the course of his regime, this energy—which, if anybody wanted a high-sounding equivalent for it, could be called kinetic enthusiasm—did more than the doctor ordered. Certain compositions—Brahms' "Tragic Overture," for instance, or the orchestral part of Beethoven's violin concerto, with Jascha Heifetz as a superlative soloist—received almost too much devotion. Mr. Mitropoulos treated his own transcription of Bach's G-minor fantasia and fugue to a whopping extra helping of fortes. There wasn't any affectation or conscious effort to be spectacular, however; just a tendency to do more than was necessary for some of the works.

Mr. Mitropoulos stayed away from the familiar self-starters of the orchestral repertory. He usually had a novelty for his Philharmonic-Symphony clientele, and his handling of Nicolas Nabokoff's interesting but uneven "Sinfonia Biblica" and of John Verrall's skillful but rather monochromatic "Concert Piece for Strings and Horn" was something that must have made those composers as happy as they looked when they took their bows.

The bets are that we will be seeing more of Mr. Mitropoulos around town. He certainly can liven up a concert season.

BOTH the Philadelphia and Boston orchestras brought novelties by eminent musicos to Carnegie Hall last week. The Philadelphia group presented Sergei Rachmaninoff's three symphonic dances, the first orchestral music he has written in this country. The dances were composed in Huntington, Long Island, but they didn't reflect the hoofing that Mr. Rachmaninoff may have seen out that way. They were typical Rachmaninoff—soundly constructed, richly scored, and prevailingly sombre. It may be that the second in the set—a pensive waltz—will have a career of its own. Eugene Ormandy, one of the best of Rachmaninoffians, conducted them handsomely.

The Boston Symphony introduced Paul Hindemith's violin concerto, played brilliantly by Miss Ruth Posselt and directed with immense conviction by Serge Koussevitzky. As Hindemith music goes, this concerto is almost sentimental, with broad themes and shrewd finales for each of the three movements. Most of it, however, is ingenious rather than appealing.

WHEN Ferruccio Calusio made his Metropolitan début as a conductor, he did an unusually sprightly job on "Il Trovatore," and I was curious to discover what he'd do to snap up "Pagliacci." (Couldn't get there in time for "Cavalleria Rusticana," what with the Hindemith concerto going on in Carnegie Hall.) Well, what Mr. Calusio did with "Pagliacci" evidently was an attempt to make it sound broad. Result: It sounded long. Giovanni Martinelli and Lawrence Tibbett seemed to have some new bits of stage business for this performance, and Miss Norina Greco sang Nedda well, once she got by the bird song, but the opera wasn't the pepper pot that it ought to be. Not that the audience cared. In fact, if the show had been as uproarious as the crowd, it would have been terrific. Mr. Calusio, I should add, recovered his animation when he conducted "Il Trovatore" again.

"Siegfried," having its first Metropolitan hearing of the season, was well up to its usual standard, and Lauritz Melchior was in especially good

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fettle. There was a new Voice of the Forest Bird, that of Miss Eleanor Steber, who trolled engagingly. One unpremeditated innovation was a bit of repair work which was done on an exit sign near the orchestra circle as an obbligato to the forest murmurs in the second act. Whoever put the sign to rights did the fixing in time with the orchestra.

THIS is by way of reminder that the free symphony concerts conducted by David Mannes are now going on at the Metropolitan Museum of Art Saturday evenings. You don't have to do anything about getting tickets, because you just walk in and sit wherever you can find room. If you don't arrive well before eight o'clock, when the music begins, you won't sit.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Familiars, Mostly

YOU mightn't imagine that a recording of Grieg's first "Peer Gynt" suite would be anything especially stimulating, but you'll be surprised by the performance that shows up in Columbia album X-180. The conductor is Sir Thomas Beecham, and he directs the music as if it were a novelty. There's no funny business or rewriting—just a fresh and vigorous handling of a score that usually is played with condescending cuteness or solemn sentimentality. For less familiar Grieg, investigate the song cycle "Haugtussa," which Mme. Kirsten Flagstad sings to the piano accompaniments of Edwin McArthur in Victor album M-714. This is charming music, most of it, and the reproduction of Mme. Flagstad's voice is the best available so far on records. For another aspect of Sir Thomas Beecham, hear his superb performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" overture (Columbia 70365-D).

Collectors of piano-and-orchestra material will find an exceptional recording in Victor set M-710, which contains Serge Rachmaninoff's third concerto, played by the composer and the Philadelphia Orchestra, led by Eugene Ormandy. Another first-rate exhibit appears in album G-19 of Victor's Black Label series; in it, Benno Moiseiwitsch rips off Liszt's Hungarian Fantasy brilliantly, to an excellent orchestral background by the London Philharmonic, directed by Constant Lambert. For good measure, the album includes a bounc-

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ing version of Liszt's first "Mephisto Waltz," in which Albert Coates conducts the London Symphony. The album is a good buy, and so is Bruno Walter's presentation of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony (Victor G-20)—not a recent recording, although there isn't anything particularly dated about it. The orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic of perhaps five or six years ago.

IN commemoration of "Fantasia," Victor has issued "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra (M-717). The recording isn't so italicized as the performance in the film, by the way, but all of the customary Stokowski excitement is there. The album is completed by the conductor's arrangement of the prelude to the third act of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Ivan the Terrible," which is medium-good Rimsky-Korsakov played as if it were at least good.

For your file of French music, there also is a new recording of Ravel's string quartet (Columbia M-425), done beautifully by the Budapest String Quartet.

THREE former members of the Metropolitan appear in a complete recording of "Madama Butterfly" (Victor M-700 and M-701): Mme. Toti dal Monte, Beniamino Gigli, and Mario Basiola. Mme. dal Monte, best known as an accomplished coloratura soprano, manages the text expressively and often dramatically, but her voice is miscast for the music. Mr. Gigli takes care of the comparatively brief tenor rôle with easy efficiency, Mr. Basiola goes through his business with his familiar competence, and the rest of the singers function in a conventional manner. There's nothing great about the solo

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contributions, but the conductor, Oliviero de Fabritiis, works them into a well-paced performance, and the orchestra of the Royal Opera House in Rome plays effectively. The recording engineers did a neat job, and the album is an instance of the whole being greater, in certain respects, than the sum of its component parts.

HERE'S something that isn't likely to duplicate anything in your record library: a collection of secular and religious music from the twelfth to the seventeenth century—ballads, masses, and other types of vocal writing—sung by Yves Tinayre (Columbia M-431). Mr. Tinayre is a scholar and a singer, and it might be noted that his singing isn't the sort that is acceptable only because it's backed by erudition. The album would be attractive just for Mr. Tinayre's vocalizing, but it's also a valuable addition to the recorded roster because it contains a great deal of music that is interesting as well as historically important. The instrumental backgrounds, by the Dvonch Ensemble, are unobtrusive and skillfully played.

A COMPREHENSIVE introduction to "The Ring of the Nibelungs" is available now in a quartet of albums (Victor G-22 through G-25) in which the stories of the four music dramas of "The Ring" are told by Robert Lawrence, who also supplies appropriate musical quotations at the piano. Mr. Lawrence outlines the plots simply and clearly, and resists the temptation to convert his pianistic illustrations into extended solos. If you buy these albums, it would be a good idea to get at the same time Victor records 11215 and 11216, on which ninety motives in "The Ring" are presented by an orchestra.

Ernest Hutcheson's new book, "A Musical Guide to Richard Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung," is recommended as excellent supplementary reading. This handbook of the musical motives—and of much else in the Ring Cycle—is a valuable acquisition for any Wagnerian's library. —R. A. S.

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OLD STUFF

Some Bits of Recently Unearthed Evidence, Culled, with Mixed Emotions, from the Press, Indicating That Modern Devices of Warfare Are Merely Unfortunate Refinements of Ancestral Techniques

THE UNEARTHER	THE MODERN DEVICE	THE ANCESTRAL TECHNIQUE
C. Martin Wilbur, Curator of Chinese Archeology at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago	Scream bomb	Centuries ago, Chinese warriors used darts with tips drilled in such a way that they would whistle in flight and frighten the foe.
A reader of "Holinshed's Chronicle"	Poison gas	In 1410, while besieging Calais, the Duke of Burgundy ordered his men to fill some barrels with decayed toads and hurl them into the city.
Paris antiquarian	Distributing printed propaganda by plane	In 1792, a Frenchman invented a mechanism for releasing circulars from balloons which was used by his government "to spread the truth of French prosperity among foreign rivals."
South American historian	Air raid	Austrians attacking Venice in 1848 rigged up balloons with 20-pound bombs (and time fuses for releasing them) and succeeded in landing three of the missiles on the Piazza di San Marco.
Representative James A. Shanley of Connecticut	Parachute troops	Benjamin Franklin, in 1784, said he thought a nation with 5,000 balloons, each capable of carrying two men over an enemy's lines, would be hard to beat.*

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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*He also said he thought such a force might convince "sovereigns of the folly of wars," since "it will be impracticable for the most potent of them to guard his dominations."

THE GORY GAZETTE

being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of SIMON AND SCHUSTER 1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

The Gory Gazette has just had its Annual Year-End Director's Meeting. This involved sending down for a carton of cigarettes, getting together in one office, and brooding.

But not darkly. The Pointers-With-Pride heavily outnumbered the Viewers-With-Alarm. 1940 saw the start of our plan to publish an Inner Sanctum Mystery each month—saw the birth of the Gory Gazette and the wide-eyed zombie (see below and around) that is our trademark.

And going backwards through 1940 (it was at this point that one sub-director said that's all we'd done all year anyway) we saluted *The Inner Sanctum Mysteries* which have been picked by assorted experts on Best-of-the-Year lists throughout the country: *The Bride Wore Black, by Cornell Woolrich, The Wrong Number, by Craig Rice, Sing a Song of Homicide, by James R. Langham, The Goose is Cooked, by Emmett Hogarth, The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars, by Anthony Boucher.*

Mention of ANTHONY BOUCHER jolted the meeting out of its nostalgic mood. Because ANTHONY BOUCHER'S new book, *The Case of the Solid Key*, (price $2.00) is The Inner Sanctum Mystery for January—and it rings the bell by starting the New Year off with a bong.

The Director in Charge of Humor, a sombre fellow, sighed: "No chance, I suppose, that BOUCHER has managed another sardonic rib as hilarious as *The Baker Street Irregulars?*" We assured him that BOUCHER had. This time the unhappy victim is Hollywood. To say nothing of the corpse in the locked room. And, incidentally, ANTHONY BOUCHER has found a new way to get his murderer in and out of it.

The Director in Charge of Keeping Both Feet on the Ground added his two cents. "All very well," he said intelligently, "but what kind of a mystery is it? Will it keep me guessing?" At which point we took advantage of a good thing and bet him ten to one that *The Case of the Solid Key* would triple bluff the pants off him.

Then we looked around for the Director in Charge of Directors. That shrewd fellow was back in his own office, behind his own locked door, busily reading—which is what you should be doing this minute—

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

THE CASE OF THE SOLID KEY

BOOKS

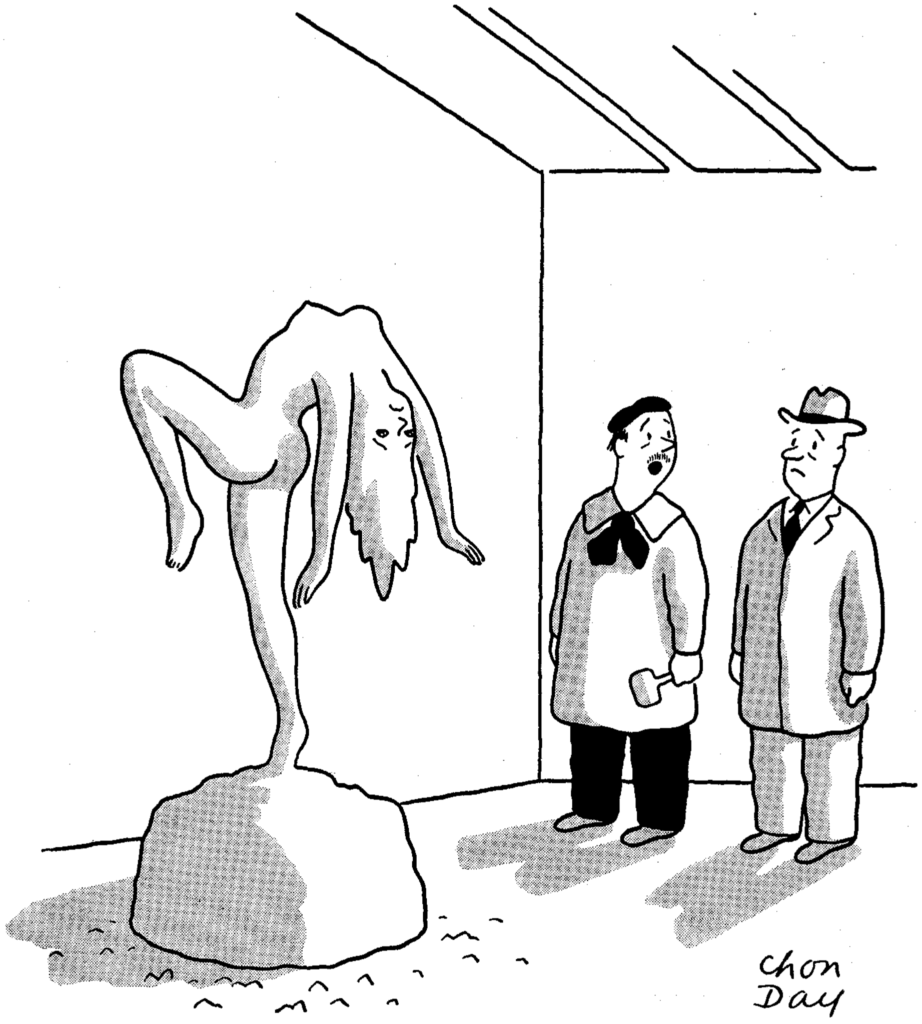
Reports from Ecuador and the Inferno

I DON'T imagine the pen-and-inks and colored drawings of Ludwig Bemelmans will ever influence the course of the history of art. But they do something often beyond the power of better pictures: they make you smile with pleasure. It is inaccurate to say that his simple hues, droll perspectives, and gnomelike figures have the charm of children's drawings. True, they remind one of kindergarten art, but to them is added a unique Bemelmansian quality of *gemütlich* irony. No child could draw them. But the child hidden in the chuckling man could, and does. The singularity of Bemelmans, whether he draws or writes, is his double capacity to see freshly like a child and comment shrewdly like a grownup. The result is an odd kind of awry wisdom. Though it is minor and humorous, it is not unakin to the profounder child-man wisdom of William Blake. It is, to put it in another way, the kind of wisdom Saroyan enthusiasts, including Saroyan, ascribe to Saroyan.

"The Donkey Inside" is Bemelmans on a *Bummel*, this time in Ecuador, a place presumably selected because it is not a country anyone else would think of to go travelling in. List the book as a travel record, if you must, but then "A Sentimental Journey" must also be listed as a travel record. You'd hardly trust Laurence Sterne to give you an accurate picture of conditions along the highways of eighteenth-century France and Italy; Bemelmans on contemporary Ecuador is just about as educational. He is, by nature, constructed in such a way as to be unable to meet any but odd people or experience any but odd incidents. Or else if the people and incidents are not odd when first encountered, they become so by the time they have passed through the unique alembic of the Bemelmans mind. This is true also of the illustrations, of which there are four in the book. The picture "Luchow's Restaurant on a Sunday Evening" (never mind how this gets into a book about Ecuador), with its rickety, slanting perspectives and its grotesque guests and waiters, has an atmosphere you would not ordinarily assign to Luchow's—that of a fairy tale. It is not the facts that interest Bemelmans but their adaptability to the peculiarities of his own vision. In a brief author's note at the end of his book, Bemelmans explains certain liberties that he took with his experiences when he came to make a story out of them. "Thus, too, it was actually three o'clock in the chapter where I make a boat arrive in the morning. The conversation with the Swiss hotelkeeper, on the train from Esmeraldas to Otavalo, really took place over the railing of a small steamer on the Lago de Todos Santos, in Chile. It fitted so, it made a good picture." "The Donkey Inside" is a gallery of such good, "fitted" pictures.

Like a healthy, imaginative child, Bemelmans is surprised at nothing and delighted with everything. When the head of the Quito prison takes him for Warden Lawes, it does not occur to Bemelmans to assert that he is only Bemelmans. He accepts the misunderstanding with quiet pleasure—it makes another "good picture." Like any other man, he has his prejudices. He does not, for example, like Nazis (of whom Ecuador seems to have more than its fair share), but he does not allow his distaste to spoil his palate. He can relish the twisted humor of the Quito Jew who endorses Hitler. He can savor the enfevered mind of Major Timmel, who is convinced that President Roosevelt tore down the Sixth Avenue elevated railroad in order to ship it to London to be made into munitions.

In a world murky with dark words like "inevitable," "order," "destiny," Bemelmans slyly reminds us that the human animal, if you corner him, is still vividly incalculable. It is barely possible that we are all, each and every one of us, scheduled for a mass ride on Mrs. Lindbergh's wave of the future, but in the meantime here we are, splashing and paddling around, each in his own ridiculous private puddle. Examples: Herr Vogeli, the Swiss hotelman and butterfly collector, and the story of how he was seduced to Ecua-



"She was a wonderful model—and remarkably patient."

HOW DID OUR LANGUAGE ORIGINATE ?

Enchant

came from the witch's song

TO be *enchanted,* in the usual modern sense, is to be highly delighted or charmed—something very different from the original meaning. The word is ultimately descended from the Latin *cantare,* "to sing"; more immediately from its derivative *incantare,* "to chant or utter a magic formula over or against one," "to bewitch." This became Old French *enchanter,* which English borrowed as *enchant.* The first English meaning was still close to the original: "to act on by charms or sorcery." Today *enchant* is used figuratively to mean "to enrapture," as with music, beauty, or the like.

Bewitch is another word that has largely lost its original suggestion of evil sorcery; now it commonly means "to fascinate with something delightful." So, too, with the word *charm,* which goes back to the Latin *carmen,* "a song" or "an incantation."

These are but a few of the thousands of interesting word origins given in "the Supreme Authority"—

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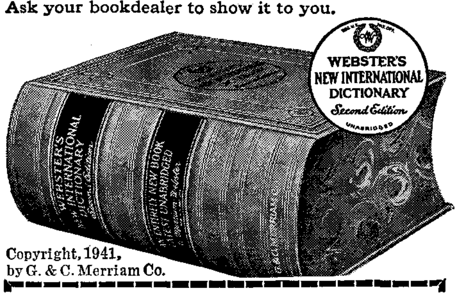

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dor; the guests at the Gran Hotel in Guayaquil, with its memorable sign "Five o'clock tea, at all hours;" André Roosevelt's self-reproachful butler, Cirilio; Cyril Vigoroux's motion-picture company, engaged in filming the life of the Amazon head-shrinkers; the Frenchman (I could kiss him on both cheeks for this) who said of Richard Tauber's singing, "He gives me the sensation of a waiter reaching up under my coat when I leave a restaurant."

It is characteristic of the Bemelmans mind to describe Quito as "a kind of penal colony for diplomats." It is fitting and proper that when he arrived in Ecuador, a local newspaper should print a picture of James Cromwell and label it "El Señor Bnelemaas." This sort of thing might make you think "The Donkey Inside" all gossamer whimsy. There is plenty of whimsy (as well as a modicum of conventional travel description), but it is the whimsy of wisdom rather than of self-indulgence. When Bemelmans portrays an eccentric, it is out of love and understanding and not because the eccentric gives him a chance to exhibit his powers of fancy. I don't mean to get too solemn; I would merely suggest that the root of real humor—always a serious thing—is in him.

JAN VALTIN's "Out of the Night" is a terrifying autobiography of a sort only our own bloody and disordered times could possibly produce. I do not know how much of it is true (the author, for example, seems to have been born at several different times), but the effect is somehow not phony. Perhaps readers will wish it *were* untrue; if it were, they might sleep more easily of nights.

Briefly, Jan Valtin is a representative member of the real lost generation, not Mr. Hemingway's babyish alcoholics but the young Europeans who, caught between the first World War and the second, committed themselves to Communism and later to Fascism, and in so doing destroyed themselves. Valtin was—still is, one gathers—a German seaman. In his teens he became a Communist. He fought in the unsuccessful postwar revolutionary uprisings; organized sailors and dock workers in most of the world's great ports, including those on our own West Coast; was caught by the Gestapo and put through three years of what I would call indescribable hell, save for the fact that he describes it; was released on his "promise" to become a Nazi spy; found that the movement to which he had devoted his young manhood had been betrayed by Stalin; and is now,

Who Walk Alone keeps marching on...

DID you see *both* of *The New Yorker's* reviews of the strange story of Ned Langford? . . .

OCT. 5TH: "A gentle and profoundly affecting story, told without horror."

DEC. 21ST: "Perry Burgess's 'Who Walk Alone', which deals beautifully with an unbeautiful subject — leprosy —was praised, but all too briefly. It's not the sort of book one can be diverting about or diverted by, but in addition to its humanitarian message, it has considerable literary merit."

—**CLIFTON FADIMAN**

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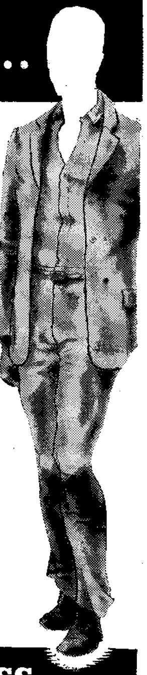

by Perry Burgess

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SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER:
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one supposes, glad merely to be alive.

This whole enormous narrative—over eight hundred pages—plays in an infernal atmosphere of conspiracy, torture, disillusionment, violence, and death. The color of the story is the color of blood. Here for the first time is uncovered the underground fanatical revolutionary movement of our time, of which Jan Valtin and his kind are but the preliminary sacrifices. Communist or Nazi, the movement seems goalless, heartless, futureless. Whatever its original ideals may have been, it is now committed to a single aim—domination for domination's sake. Take it away, Mrs. Lindbergh. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

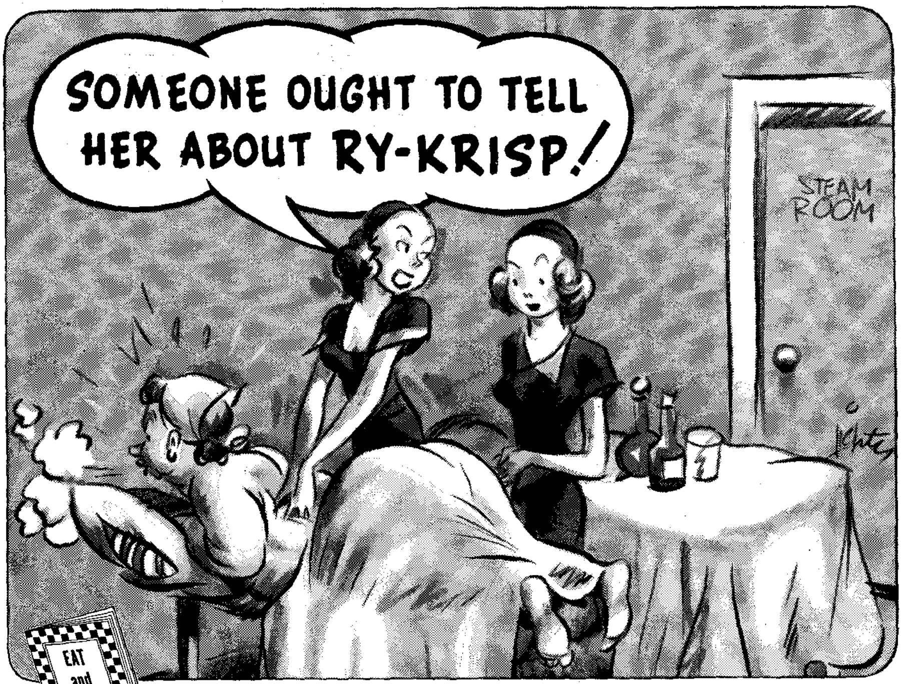
COUSIN HONORÉ, by Storm Jameson. Miss Jameson wrote her novel of French and German intrigue in Alsace in the six months just before the German conquest of France, and it sounds impressively circumstantial. The main character is French to his marrow, the head of an ornamental-ironwork foundry, but really interested only in his vineyards. His French and German cousins surround him with plots and counterplots, but they do not touch him. He is querulous but firm, logical and capricious—rather grand, in fact. In the background is France, hard, close to the soil, permanent, and somehow heartening.

REMEMBER TODAY, by Elswyth Thane. A charming love story, told with amiable lightness by the guardian angels of two young people who fall in love when they are twelve and experience the usual separations and heartbreaks before they are brought together. The girl sings cowboy songs; the boy is booky, cosmopolitan, and insists on doing the Right Thing. Pleasant going.

EAST BY DAY, by Blair Niles. Fictionalized account of the Amistad case, the episode of the mysterious sailing vessel which put in at Montauk about a century ago manned by a crew of Negro slaves who had overpowered their Spanish masters. With this as a springboard, Mrs. Niles has told a story of an old clipper-ship captain and his granddaughter, who loved the sea. An unpretentious bit of Americana.

GENERAL

GERMANY: JEKYLL AND HYDE, by Sebastian Haffner, translated from the German by Wilfrid David. In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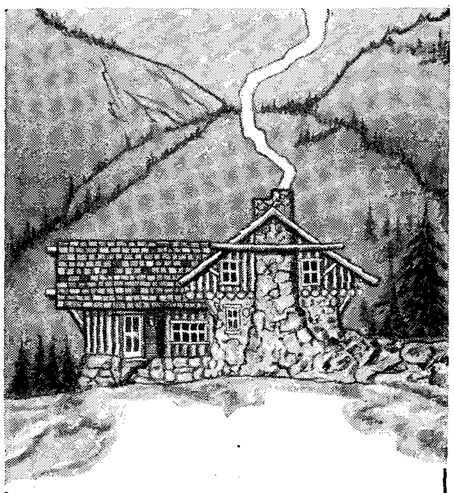

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this strikingly realistic and discriminating analysis of the habits of mind that have dominated the German Reich from Bismarck to Hitler, the author, a young German *émigré*, suggests that his countrymen have demonstrated that they lack the political sense necessary for peaceable control of a large power state. Once the Nazis have been eliminated, he writes, the considerable minority of Germans now helplessly opposed to them should be allowed to restore the small, organic German states of 1866. Already dated here and there, and badly proofread, but a fresh and original book.

The Wounded Don't Cry, by Quentin Reynolds. A *Collier's* reporter covers the war in 1940: the French falling back on Paris, the confusion of Bordeaux, an English convoy in the Channel, the R.A.F. fighter squadrons, night bombings of London, etc. A swift-running eyewitness account, dramatic and enormously vivid, though the writing is just a touch on the Rover Boys side. The title seems rather unfortunate.

Juggernaut Over Holland, by Eelco Nicolaas van Kleffens. The Dutch Foreign Minister's story of the invasion of his country. The first half of the book, a sort of informal White Paper, explains with scrupulous logic the Dutch efforts to ensure peace and neutrality between 1938 and 1940; the second half is a temperately written but deeply indignant account of the events that followed the Nazi attack. Much new material.

Terror in Our Time, by Richard Wilmer Rowan. Picking up the history of international espionage where he left off in "The Story of Secret Service," an American expert reviews the sensational developments since the first World War, paying special attention to the rise of official terrorism, the new ascendancy of the "conspirator type" in world diplomacy, and the methods of the "police state" in Russia, Italy, and Germany. Engrossing material, intelligently handled.

New Theatres for Old, by Mordecai Gorelik. Arguing that the purpose of effects in the theatre is "to influence life by theatrical means," the noted scenic designer traces the historical development of stage techniques in terms of the social and artistic ideas out of which they sprang. Vigorous and challenging, especially in dealing with the modern Russian and German styles, but not always very well organized. Good photographs and diagrams.

Dersu the Trapper, by V. K. Arseniev, translated from the Russian by Malcolm Burr. The late Russian geographer's delightful journal of his three expeditions to eastern Siberia. Dersu was the author's guide and friend, an old trapper who had something of Deerslayer's skill at woodcraft. Much new nature data. Sketches and maps.

Some Memories of W. B. Yeats, by John Masefield. Recollections of Yeats and his circle. Early days in London and at Coole Park, simply and reverently written, in prose and verse.

VERSE

Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Definitive Edition. A large (852 pages), rather badly arranged volume, containing poems which have not previously appeared in the inclusive edition of Kipling's verse.

Five Young American Poets. An anthology, to be published annually hereafter, by the New Directions Press. Only poets who are under thirty and have never had a book of verse published are included. Each is represented by a section with a self-chosen title, a photograph, a prose note on the author's poetic aims and beliefs, and a holograph poem. An interesting venture, which this year contains work by Mary Barnard, John Berryman, Randall Jarrell, W. R. Moses, and George Marion O'Donnell. The range of subject is wide and the contributors are serious and write formally, with a remarkable lack of obvious derivation.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Secret Vanguard, by Michael Innes. Spies reach a new high in Scotland, and Michael Innes makes the most of it. And horror?—you'd let a cobra walk all over you before you'd put this one down to defend yourself.

The Bishop's Crime, by H. C. Bailey. Reggie Fortune, looking for a murderer, ends up by searching through an ancient Dante manuscript in one of those old English cathedrals. All fair and aboveboard, but don't let the title mislead you.

•

Proceeds from this dance for the subdebutante group go to give unfortunate boys two weeks at summer camps with Groton and St. Mark's students as counselors.—*Boston Transcript.*

Gosh, *nobody's* underprivileged any more!

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LUCY CARVER WILLIAMS is a member of a distinguished Boston family and, through marriage, is connected with the Williams family of Rhode Island fame. In the portrait, Mrs. Williams is shown wearing some of her family jewels.

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Mrs. Williams spends a great deal of her time traveling in the states. "Wherever I am," she says, "I make it a point to have plenty of Camel cigarettes on hand. I never tire of Camel's fine, flavorful taste. And Camel's extra mildness is something *special!*"

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She collects antique silver and china, plays golf and badminton... but her favorite diversion is entertaining with buffet suppers. "Such informal suppers," she says, "afford a grand opportunity for just chatting and smoking. I notice that my guests prefer Camel cigarettes, too. And ever so often, I hear someone say: 'Camels are slower-burning—they're *milder!*'"

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Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., *Maryland*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
Miss Eleanor Frothingham, *Boston*
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*
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